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**PRESENT POLICY AND FUTURE FATE OF ARBITRARY
GOVERNMENTS.**

It is curious, for middle-aged persons like us, to look back on the public history of the last thirty or thirty-five years—on the hopes and disappointments, the fears and deliverances, the revolutions and restorations, which have filled that eventful period—and on the strange concatenation and dependency of events by which these results have, in so many instances, been effected—the fatal triumphs, the glorious disgraces, the disasters that have proved the means of unexampled prosperity! We suppose it is the close of another year which has led us into this vein of meditation;—and, though it is to the present condition and immediate prospects of the world, rather than to its recent history, that we now wish to call the attention of our readers, we cannot well enter on the subject without indulging ourselves in a brief retrospect of the causes which have brought us into this condition, and set these prospects before us.

The drama opened, it must be confessed, with a brilliant and startling flourish—the new series of the world's annals was ushered in with a most captivating prospectus—all old prejudices to be dispelled, and all old tyrannies overthrown—the whole race of man to be emancipated and regenerated—all formal distinctions and fantastic privileges to be abolished, and every one made free to enter on the open career of honour, on the strength of his virtues and talents alone! The work began, too, with intrepidity and vigour enough—and there was as little want of energy in the execution, as there had been of boldness in the design. But the scene was soon overcast. Rash and extravagant experiments were made in all the branches of legislation—a passionate and presumptuous spirit of innovation took place of the sober spirit of reform—old principles were brought into question, as well as old prejudices—and the best established maxims of morality and religion were treated with the same irreverence as the mere arbitrary institutions of less instructed men. Where all standards of opinion were thus destroyed, and all authority exploded, there could, of course, be no umpire in the disputes which ensued, but force. Men's doubts, accordingly, were first solved by their passions or their interest,—and then their dogmas were imposed on others by violence and terror. The most atrocious crimes were committed with the most revolting effrontery—and the effects of mutual distrust and appre-

hension were to render all alike cruel and perfidious. They proscribed that they might be safe from proscription—and set the example of treachery as their only chance of not being betrayed. Obscure men were thus raised, one after another, and at least as much by their fears as their ambition, to precarious and lawless power, from which they were successively swept down, unlamented, by the turning of the bloody tide:—till at last a more vigorous system of military rule overawed the sanguinary factions, and imposed silence on their crude and turbulent speculations.

Still there remained the force and the talent that had been sublimed from the heated multitude in the course of the great experiment; and the scene, though it had lost much of its attraction, had certainly lost nothing of its terror. The revolutionary armies overran the world—and her diplomatic agents overreached it. The old tyrannies, nearly as hateful, and far less strong, crumbled before their blows, or melted in their lightnings. Some truckled, and were insulted—others bullied, and were trampled out of existence—and the greater part ended with courting the alliance, and receiving the contemptuous mercy of that more potent and enlightened tyranny, which either swallowed up all the rest, or spared them at its pleasure. The whole Continent of Europe then presented a spectacle at once humiliating and frightful—unbounded insolence on the one hand, and unmeasured servility on the other;—while all the talents and energies which had been conjured up by the revolutionary crisis, and fostered by its incredible successes, were turned entirely to the purposes of a cold-hearted and remorseless ambition. An immense power—intellectual and physical—had been generated in the course of these contentions—in the first place undoubtedly by the sudden liberation and expansion of plebeian talent and ambition in the revolutionary countries, and afterwards by the audacity which was inspired by the spirit of the times—leading men every where to cast off the trammels of old opinions, and to venture on new and bolder methods, with an assurance that nothing was impossible to the daring. But this mighty power was from the beginning more terrible than majestic; and, it is miserable to think, was never once employed in any noble or generous cause. Its aspect from first to last was rapacious, insolent, vindictive—and, with the means of regenerating the world, contemplated no higher end than that of subduing it. Nothing was safe from its violence, nothing sacred from its injustice. The wrongs it did were aggravated by insult—and the complaints they provoked answered by mockery and derision;—national independence was trampled on, and national honour profaned.

At last “vaulting ambition overleaped itself,” and the scorner of mankind found, that intimidation had not extinguished the thirst for revenge. The giant who brooded over the centre of Europe could not grasp both the South and the North with the utmost stretch of his hands. The obstinate valour of England, with Spain, yet unspoiled of her spirit by Legitimacy, baffled him in the one—

the elements, with the stars in their courses, fought against him in the other. The love of national independence, the sense of national honour, revived in the intermediate regions. The downcast Sovereigns took advantage of the season—and, recollecting how their subjects had been beguiled by the fair promises of the first revolutionists, and how bitterly they had resented the breach of them, addressed themselves at once to their pride and their hopes,—protested against the *despotism* of the prevailing system, and held out its continuance as the only bar to the universal adoption of liberal institutions. The appeal was not made in vain. There was no longer disaffection in their armies, or deficiencies in their contingents. One spirit of zeal animated all parties. For the first time there was an honest concert among the Sovereigns themselves, who had at last discovered, that it was their first interest to put down the common foe, and that by nothing but a sincere union could this be effected. They banded, therefore, against him from the East and from the West; and at length succeeded in bearing to the earth that enormous fabric of military power by which they had so long been oppressed.

Then, for a brief season, there was exultation, and good humour, and symptoms of cordiality between subjects and rulers,—charters were granted, and constitutions promised; and professions zealously made of a design to separate the gold that had been brought to light, and tried in the fires of the Revolution, from the dross with which it had been debased. But this was a transient and deceitful gleam; and a deeper darkness soon settled on the world. The restored Governments, forgetting how much of what they deplored had been owing to their own vices and misconduct, manifested a vindictive jealousy of all that had been done against them; and seemed inclined to provoke a repetition of the insurrections by which they had suffered, by returning to the very follies and abuses by which they had been mainly produced. The dread, however, of the past—the ultimate bad success of the former experiment, and their own continued concert, enabled them to do this with safety; and they used the power which they had thus regained neither with moderation nor mercy. Their charters were revoked—their promises broken—their amnesties violated—the most offensive pretensions were openly put forward—the most revolting prejudices countenanced—the smaller states were relentlessly sacrificed—and the greater ones, made more formidable by their union, assumed a tone of dictation unknown in the history of the world—and used it to proclaim the most slavish doctrines, and to announce their purpose to maintain them at the point of the sword.

Upon this system they have since acted—and, so far as they have gone, they have been successful. Arbitrary government is now maintained all over the Continent of Europe, more openly in theory, and more rigorously in practice, than it was before the French Revolution was heard of;—and political freedom is more jealously proscribed, and liberal opinions more vindictively re-

pressed, than in any period of modern history. "The wheel has come full circle:"—and after the speculations and experience of thirty-five years, we seem at least as far from political improvement as we were at the beginning!

And is this indeed so? Has the troubled and bloody scene passed before us but as a pageant, to excite our wonder and be forgotten? Has this great and agitating drama no moral? Have the errors, and crimes, and sufferings of thirty years taught no lessons?—Have the costly experiments in which they have been consumed ascertained no truths? Have the statesmen and philosophers who directed the stormy scene, or the heroes who gave it movement and glory, lived and died in vain? Is political truth a chimera, and political science a dream? Are the civilized nations of Europe in reality unteachable?—or has the progress by which they have advanced beyond the condition of barbarians, already attained its limits—and is what remains of their destiny to be fulfilled in painful attempts at improvements that are never to be attained, and impotent struggles with abuses that must for ever recur?

We will not believe it. The affairs of mankind do not revolve in a Circle, but advance in a Spiral; and though they have their periods of obscurity, as well as of brightness, tend steadily, in spite of these alternations, and by means of them, to a sure consummation of glory. There is, we are firmly persuaded, a never-ceasing progress to amelioration; and though each considerable movement is followed by a sensible reaction, the system moves irresistibly onward; and no advance that is made is ever utterly lost. The years on which we have been looking back, have left indelible traces behind them,—and both truths and errors have been demonstrated, by experiments a great deal too impressive to be speedily forgotten. The losers and the winners have both been taught by events of the utmost moment and authority. The governments that have been restored to their old forms, have *not* been restored by any means to their old condition;—and though the dispositions of the rulers may be the same, the circumstances in which they are placed are essentially different. They feel this, too, in spite of themselves; and begin already to accommodate themselves to the new necessity. A great lesson, in short, has been taught to all nations. They who receive it most willingly, will profit the most by it;—but its first lines, at least, are impressed on the most reluctant, and must produce a corresponding change on the conduct of all. It is to the nature of this change, and of the other changes to which it must ultimately lead, that we wish now to direct the attention of our readers.

It would be shutting our eyes to the objects that press most importunately upon them, not to admit, that the first and immediate effect of the change to which we have alluded, is unfavourable to political freedom. It is a fact no less certain than lamentable, that the Governments of continental Europe are at this moment more truly arbitrary in principle and practice than they ever were be-

fore;—and that it is most likely that they will continue for some time to be administered on these principles. That part of the world is now in its *aphelion* from the Star of Liberty, and has not yet, perhaps, reached the point of greatest obscurity: But we still believe, not only that it will in due time emerge into greater brightness than ever, but that its orbit is even now converging rapidly to the centre from which its illumination proceeds. To explain this, it is necessary to consider, very briefly, what the circumstances are which have thus recently strengthened the hands of absolute monarchy.

The first, undoubtedly, is the intimate union they have formed among themselves for the purpose of supporting these principles,—the discovery they have made, that it is better for them to fight together against the liberties of their people, than to fight with each other for the mere enlargement of their dominions. The detestable conspiracy into which they have entered, under the blasphemous name of the Holy Alliance, is the great cause and support of the tyrannical maxims upon which each now thinks he may safely proceed to administer his government;—and so long as they look upon increase of personal power, and security in practical tyranny, as of more value than mere increase of territory, or of foreign influence, so long, it is not impossible, that this impious confederacy may continue.

Another great source of the strength and present safety of these governments is, the general diffusion of improvements in the art of war, and the maintenance and equipment of armies;—by means of which, a much smaller force is capable of keeping in awe a larger population,—and at the same time a limited revenue enabled to maintain more numerous forces.

These, we think, are the immediate and occasional causes of the confidence and apparent security with which arbitrary power has been recently proclaimed as the only legitimate spring of European government. But there is another, and a more ominous cause, which is only beginning to operate, and threatens to exercise a more durable influence in support of the same system,—though still more likely in the end to counterwork the purposes for which it has been called into action,—and this is, the improved knowledge and policy of the absolute governments themselves, and their gradual correction of all abuses which do not tend to maintain their despotism—a topic which both deserves and requires a little more development.

Tyrannical governments have hitherto been singularly ignorant and prejudiced; and more than one half of the abuses which make them odious in the eyes of their subjects, have had no immediate connexion with political rights or institutions, and might have been safely redressed, without at all improving the constitution, or increasing the political consequence of the people. Their great danger has always been in the superior intelligence of the people, with whom the policy of their rulers has usually been a subject of

contempt, as well as of resentment; and who, in their plans of reform or resistance, have uniformly had a most mortifying advantage, in point of contrivance, combination, address, and prudence. A new era, however, we think, is now begun as to all these particulars—and though it is impossible that either the oppressors or the oppressed can ever prove a match for freemen in the virtues and talents which are the offspring of liberty alone, it is nevertheless true, that the eyes of the rulers have at last been opened on their own nakedness and weakness, and that great efforts are making, and will be made, to secure to the cause of tyranny some part of those advantages, which the spread of intelligence and general multiplication of talents have lately conferred on all other institutions. The effects of this will soon become apparent in every department of their proceedings. They will employ better casuists and more ingenious sophists, to defend their proceedings—they will have spies of more activity and intelligence, and agents of corruption more crafty and acute, than they have hitherto thought it necessary to retain in their service. But principally, and above all, they will endeavour to rectify those gross errors in their interior administration, which are a source at once of weakness and discontent; and by the correction of which, they will infallibly extend and multiply their resources, while they cut off one fruitful spring of disaffection. They will not only seek therefore to improve the economical part of their government, and to amend the laws and usages by which the wealth and industry of the people are affected, but they will seek to conciliate their good will, by mitigating all those grievances from which they themselves derive no advantage, and which may be redressed without at all advancing the people in their pretensions to the character of freemen. They will construct roads and canals therefore—and encourage agriculture and manufactures, and reform the laws of trade—and abolish local and subordinate oppressions—and endow seminaries of education, and inculcate a reverence for religion, and patronize academies of art:—And all this good they will do, at the instigation of that more enlightened, but more determined hostility to popular rights, by which they are now professedly actuated, and with a view merely to these two plain consequences. In the *first* place, that, by increasing the wealth and population of their subjects, they may be enabled to draw from them larger taxes and supplies, and to recruit greater armies to uphold their tyrannical pretensions:—And, in the *second* place, that by keeping the body of the people in other respects in a comfortable condition, they may have a better chance of reconciling them to the privation of political rights, and not have the discontent which arises from distress to combat at the same time with that which arises from injustice. The roads and canals too are of excellent use for the easy and rapid transportation of armies and their appointments—and religion and education, in the paternal hands of such governments, are known to be the best of all engines for the dissemination of universal servility.

On the strength then of these improvements, and taking advantage at last of that civilization and intelligence which had formerly been their surest corrective, the arbitrary governments of the present day proposed to become more arbitrary, and more adverse to popular institutions than ever—and to wage a fiercer and more acrimonious war on the principles of liberty, with weapons which liberty could alone have furnished, and which have scarcely ever yet been employed but in her cause. The great strength and hope of freedom was formerly the progressive information and improvement of the body of the people,—obtained chiefly by the influence of the measure of freedom they had gained, and acting alternately as the cause and the effect of its increase: But the new policy of despotism has taught it to avail itself of these very circumstances, for the advancement of its own sinister interests—to enlist those arts which are the children of liberty, in unnatural hostility against her—and to pervert what has hitherto been regarded as her best alimment and protection, into the main instrument of her destruction. Economical improvements, therefore, with political intolerance—more protection to private rights, with more restrictions on public ones—melioration in municipal laws, and corruption in the constitution—less discontent among the lower people, and more tyranny in the government—more luxury, in short, and less freedom—are what we must expect to see more and more conspicuously for some years to come, as the first fruits of that more refined and insidious system on which the circumstances of the times have visibly driven the governments of which we have been speaking.

No man can look, indeed, to their recent proceedings, without seeing that such is their plan of policy. France, heading a crusade against national independence, and announcing a creed of unqualified despotism, is full of schools, and engineers and financiers—and gives up the proudest of her palaces to dignify the display of her most homely manufactures. In Germany, new towns and villages and cotton-spinning establishments rise every where by the side of new barracks and prisons; and other trades are encouraged, to give more effectual encouragement to the great engrossing trade of war. In Russia, Alexander is establishing schools for his peasantry, and mitigating the severity of their feudal servitude, while he is digesting better plans for the regular recruiting of his enormous armies; and making factories for his merchants, while he is proscribing the works and the persons of all who, by word or deed, would encourage, however indirectly, the slightest encroachment on the hallowed purity of his despotism. Even Austria, the most vindictive and low-minded of the confederates—Austria, who has her Italian dungeons full of men of virtue and talent, for suspicious of liberal opinions—who proscribes all political discussion, in speech or by writing, by the most brutal severities*—who pur-

* The punishment of political libel, or verbal sedition, in Austrian Italy, is, for the first offence, the *carcere duro* for an indefinite period,—which signifies solitary confinement in a dungeon, without light, except for half an hour in the day, when

sues the victims of her unmanly tyranny into their foreign asylums*—who recalls her travelling nobility by threats of confiscation, and rewards them, on their return, by arbitrary arrests:—even this Austria is making efforts to conciliate and multiply the lower classes from whom her armies are recruited, by regulations for the improvement of agriculture and manufactures, and large and judicious expenditure, even in Italy, upon works of public utility, roads, canals, and all the enginery of irrigation. The policy, in short, is manifest, and is beginning to take effect. There is now less risk of insurrection in those countries than there has been for the last thirty years; and their governments are likely enough, if they can only act up to the principles on which they have begun, to go on for some time in a tolerably safe course of defiance to all claims of right, and all sorts of popular interference.

But in what way is the experiment to end—and what is the compensation that is ultimately to be made for the present security and imposing attitude of arbitrary power?

We would answer, in the *first* place, that the improvements which are actually making, though for sinister ends, are a great good in themselves, and add manifestly to the mass of human comfort and happiness. We must not quarrel with actions that have such results, by inquiring too anxiously into their motives. Knaves, who are honest only because they think it the best policy, are better, at all events, than knaves who have not yet learned that lesson; and selfish men, who are beneficent from vanity, are very nearly as useful in society as those who are so from kindness. But the true answer is, that the men who are now treated with justice in some things, must by and by be so treated in all things; and that, whether those who so treat them shall be trained along with them or not, to such an extension of their principles, the re-

the bread and water are supplied, with the indulgence of irons of moderate weight, and straw to sleep on. For the second offence, the *carcere durissimo*, in which light and food are supplied but once in two days, and the patient is loaded with irons as heavy as can be used without immediate danger to life, and fastened in such a position as to be totally precluded from lying down, and only allowed to seek repose by sitting or leaning on a pillar of stone. These punishments, we have been assured, have been rigorously inflicted for the last two years—their strict execution ascertained by ocular inspection of persons of the very highest rank—and magistrates censured and degraded for yielding to the smallest relaxation.

* A great number of meritorious and accomplished individuals have been lately obliged to fly from Geneva upon the imperative requisition of Austria, who did not hesitate, it is said, distinctly to intimate to that insulted republic, that if the proscribed persons were not ordered out of her territory, a military force should march into it, and make them prisoners in the heart of her city. Not contented, too, with interdicting all works that treated of political matters within her own dominions, this usurping power has also insisted on the literary and discursive republic of Geneva adopting the same regulation; and, by open and undisguised menace of lawless force, has actually compelled that small and unfortunate state to pass a temporary law, prohibiting all publications, and all public discourse, in which the merits or demerits of any of the actual governments of Europe are in any way brought into question!

sult is equally inevitable, and the present preparatory discipline can ultimately forward no other end.

The present absolute governments must either persist in their new policy of partial and subordinate reformatations, or abandon it, and recur to the old ruinous abuses. The most bigoted and ignorant will probably try the latter experiment, in some moment of passion or supposed necessity—and this will be the first practical exposition of the true and genuine effects of the experiment which they had begun. Nor can any one doubt for an instant what these effects will be. Men accustomed to the enjoyment of certain rights and comforts, will be far more discontented and clamorous when they are withdrawn, than if they had never been allowed to possess them. If the system is to be discontinued, therefore, so much the worse for the rulers. Its effect will be to make their subjects far more inclined to rebellion than if it had never been tried; and its apparently lulling operation will turn in the end to a most formidable cause of excitement. But the true way of testing its character is to suppose, as indeed is most likely, that it will, to a certain extent, and with occasional deviations, be persevered in long enough to be incorporated in the habits both of the people and their governors; and let us then consider what must be its ultimate operation on both.

And *first* as to the people—It is quite true, that men at their ease will be less apt to rise in wild insurrections, than men in distress; and that habits of industry and tolerable employment are the great cures for a certain kind of disaffection. But it is not less true, that men to whom their rights have been conceded in one department, are the most formidable petitioners for their concession in others—that it is more difficult to do justice by halves, than to withhold it altogether—and that, where right and reason are with the people, any partial sacrifices made to them are so far from allaying their appetite, that they serve only to excite and inflame it. They form but the leaven which sets the whole mass in more active fermentation—conquests that add to their means of farther conquest—interests that are accumulated to their capital—votes gained or neutralized that are of value chiefly for contests that are yet to come.

But the matter does not stand upon metaphors—but upon plain fact and experience. Men first desire subsistence—property—and some sort of security for both. Till they have attained these for themselves, they have no leisure to think of the rights of others, or of their own rights, to think, to speak, or to act in matters of less immediate concernment. Till then, they can scarcely be said to have attained the qualifications of political agents;—and though they may be easily stirred to tumultuary movements, have generally neither interest nor intelligence to conceive or to assert their rights as members of a community. With property, however, and the means of acquiring it, comes the feeling of these rights, and the capacity and habit of reasoning which leads irresistibly, and by

a very short process, to their full development. When a man has once come to a full sense of his right to retain his property against any *private* claimant, till a sufficient reason is shown for parting with it, he comes almost instinctively to feel the same right to question the title of the government to interfere with his possessions; and when called on for contributions of what he is told is the *public benefit*, is apt to require evidence of the public having any interest in the exaction; and to conclude, that the public alone can legally determine what is for public utility. These feelings are still more strongly raised, if, in addition to pecuniary contributions, personal services and sufferings are required of him in behalf of the government;—and more strongly yet, if distinctions are made among those who are liable to such exactions—if one class of persons is exempted in whole or in part—and if those same persons have the exclusive enjoyment of certain honours and emoluments which government is in the habit of bestowing.

It requires no study or systematic instruction to bring men to those feelings and opinions. They arise naturally and universally among all persons who have property and intelligence enough to extend their thoughts beyond the care of their daily subsistence—and plainly lead at once to the assertion of *political rights* in their broadest and most comprehensive sense—a right, on the part of the public, to control in some shape or other, the exaction and application of the funds which the public supplies—and, on the part of individuals, to share *equally* in the protection and benefits which the government has the power of dispensing. It is the refusal or privation of those rights which properly constitutes an arbitrary government;—and, therefore, when such governments take measures for promoting the wealth and instruction of their people, they are plainly laying the foundation of claims by which their own absolute power must be subverted. When they have attained to this condition, they will be less liable indeed to break out into riot and violent insurrection—but they will be more sure to insist on rights to which they feel their claim to be irresistible. They will show more judgment both in the ends at which they aim, and the means they take to compass them;—and, above all, will be more resolute in their prosecution of them, precisely as they are more temperate in their views, and more assured of ultimate success. So certain indeed is the connexion between wealth and intelligence in the body of the people, and freedom in the constitution of the government, that the one may safely be taken at any time as a practical measure or exponent of the other—and that the surest as well as the safest way of inspiring any people with a love of liberty, is to direct our first attention to the general cultivation of their understandings, and the establishment of those habits of industry which lead to wealth and independence. If these can ever be introduced, the love of liberty will spontaneously arise—and with it the power, and the consciousness of power, to give effect to its dictates.

The history of the world shows, that whenever men attain any such degree of comfort and security, as exempts them from the daily necessity of servile drudgery, and gives them the means of acting in concert and society, they immediately form the rudiments of a political constitution, and provide for the exercise of their most material rights. The first establishment of Burghs, and their scheme of internal government, all over Europe, affords a striking example of this—and the Reformation, which the growing lights and intelligence of the people afterwards introduced universally in their religious establishments, (for the Catholic churches were *reformed* as well as the Protestant,) may be cited as another. The economical reforms now introduced by the absolute monarchs, are also to be referred in substance to the same general intelligence. For they were called for and required by the people, long before their rulers were convinced of their necessity. They are to be reckoned, therefore, among the triumphs of reason and justice over prejudice and sinister or mistaken interests,—and nothing is so certain as that one such triumph always paves the way for another, and that the general reason which has overthrown one set of errors and prejudices, becomes more able and more eager to cope with those that may remain. It is impossible to give a nation the use of the faculty of reason, and to prevent them from employing it on the subjects that interest and concern them most nearly. It is impossible to make them feel and understand their rights as to one class of persons, and yet keep them in ignorance or indifference as to others. If they once have the principle, they cannot be prevented from making its full and true application. You cannot couch their cataracts, and unseal their eyes, and yet tell them that they must not see the most conspicuous and interesting parts of creation. You cannot acknowledge their claim to their baser rights, and yet think of strengthening your resistance to their demands for the higher. You cannot teach them to expect and compel justice from each other, and yet to submit to injustice from you. You cannot, in short, give them good laws, and yet insist on their living under a vile constitution. It is certain, therefore, that all those partial reforms, which are intended to bribe the people into acquiescence in tyranny, and render usurpation popular, can ultimately have no other effect than to make them more desirous of that general reform which implies the downfall of tyranny—and to increase, in the same proportion, their power to execute their desires.

So much with regard to the people: As for the rulers, the speculation may not be so certain. But we do not think it absolutely romantic to hope, that the habit of doing justice in part may reconcile them to doing it entirely;—that having experienced the advantages of yielding in so far to the spirit and intelligence of the times, they may come by degrees to yield to it altogether. Having found it both safe and pleasant to sacrifice certain prejudices, they may be encouraged to venture on the sacrifice of others; and

having already discovered that they can live in wealth and dignity, although they have abandoned the prerogative of purveyance or arbitrary confiscation, they may come in time to discover, that their best power is not inconsistent with the liberties of their people, and that the dignity and safety and popularity of a Constitutional King is better than the barbaric pomp and danger and solitude of a Despot.

We do not rest much, however, on these considerations. Unaccountable as it may seem to the rest of the world, there certainly must be a strange sort of pleasure or fascination in the possession of absolute power; so that its possessors can scarcely ever be expected to resign it but on compulsion; and those who have any chance of acquiring it may always be suspected of a disposition to hazard a good deal for its attainment. There is one consideration, however, which we think may be supposed, without extravagance, to have ultimately some weight in reconciling arbitrary monarchs to constitutional control,—and that is, that in civilized countries and important affairs, they know well enough that they really must submit to the control of somebody,—and may learn, at last, that it is both more dignified and more comfortable to submit to that of the general sense and wisdom of the nation, by conforming to which they must acquire popularity and personal influence, than to that of a *junto* of ignorant favourites and presumptuous councillors, who must always run a great risk of exposing them to odium, disaster, and contempt. We do not know how it may be in Dahomy or Ashantee, where the personal will of the sovereign is said to be literally the law; but even in Turkey and Russia, the Emperor is not independent of control; and in the civilized parts of Europe, and under governments where the interference of the people is most jealously excluded, the monarch is daily obliged to submit his own wishes and opinions to those of his courtiers and advisers. Now, these worthy persons, when they do venture thus to cross the royal pleasure, do it most commonly upon some vague and imperfect apprehension of the necessity of not running too violently against the current of public opinion, of which, however, they generally know almost as little as their master,—and consequently, nine times out of ten, thwart and offend him, only to bring him into new perplexities. In such circumstances, we really do not think it too much to surmise, that these unconstitutional rulers, finding that they cannot be absolute in reality, should come to prefer the safe and honourable control of a national representation to the secret and ignoble domination of a few interested and incapable individuals, who use them as disrespectfully, and lead them into far more embarrassing situations than the most popular councillors.

But even if this should not happen, there is one view in which we conceive the general adoption of more enlightened, though selfish principles of government, must have a beneficial effect on the character of the rulers. To carry through such principles, the

administration must, in most of its branches, be intrusted to men of ability and liberal information. Mere favouritism or old nobility will no longer be sufficient qualifications for high office; and the monopoly of the aristocracy or courtiers must either come to an end, or they must acquire the talents and information that may enable them to discharge their duties sufficiently. Symptoms of this, we think, are already apparent in most of the courts of Europe. The ambitious part of the noblesse are already putting themselves to school, with a degree of labour and industry from which their fathers would have revolted with disdain; and even princes of the blood are beginning to think it necessary to know something beyond the fashionable games of hazard and address, or the arts of personal intrigue. This, of itself, will be a great gain to the country; but its chief benefit is in its tendency still farther and unconsciously to enlighten and liberalize that whole *caste* of persons by whom the absolute governments must for some time be administered; and not only to prepare them to acquiesce peaceably in inevitable changes, but to enable them so to read the manifest signs of the times as to avoid fatal struggles by prudent concessions, and substantially to co-operate with the opposite interests in the state in a wise adjustment of differences, which obstinacy might render irreconcilable.

We must not venture, we fear, to pursue these speculations any farther; and enough, probably, has been said to explain the views we entertain of the new policy of the arbitrary governments, and of the results which we think it is preparing. There is one objection, however, which suggests itself too obviously to the whole scheme of our observations, to admit of our passing it over without notice; and to which we refer the more willingly, because it leads to some material illustrations of our doctrine, which we could not so well have introduced in any other connexion. If despotism is growing so wise, it may be asked, How is it really worse than constitutional government? If nations are secured in their civil rights, of what substantial value are political ones? and why predict and provoke revolutions, with all their risks and horrors, for the sake of a name and chimera?

Now, to this, we answer, in the *first* place, that the possession of political rights, the consciousness of freedom, independence, and a share of self-government, is in itself a great pleasure; and leads to many other enjoyments and exertions, which are at once delightful to the individual and profitable to the community. We have not time at present fully to develop and illustrate this truth; nor can we suppose it necessary, at least for our English readers. We may observe, however, that if the best practical laws were enacted by a despotie government, they would infallibly appear much less perfect, and be more murmured at and complained of, than if the very same code had been adopted by representative legislature, after consultation with those whose interests they were to affect, and substantially by their authority. There would necessarily be

less discontent and disorder, therefore, under the one system than under the other; and though the law were actually the same, men would submit much more cheerfully and happily to rules of their own making, than to the mandates of an absolute master, however enlightened and benevolent.

But the true answer is, that there can never be such good laws, and such good execution of them, under an absolute as under a free government; that without political rights there can be no security for civil ones; and that it is the feeling and experience of this, more even than the instinctive love of independence, and impatience of subjection to an equal, that has, in all ages, impelled men to contend, amidst the applauses of their kind, and against the most fearful odds, for the vindication of their political liberties. The education of absolute monarchs is not likely to make them very wise, or industrious or benevolent; and the chance plainly is, that the greater number will be distinguished for the opposite qualities. But if we could ensure to all the thrones of the Continent a succession of Tituses and Antonines, we should not be at all nearer any security for a wise administration. A popular government, however, *does* ensure at all times a mass of wisdom and information for the management of its affairs, in comparison with which any possible attainments of the most highly gifted individual must always be insignificant; and not only brings to bear upon every department of its business the talents and experience of those who are most conversant with it, but affords to all an assurance that such information has been obtained. It must always be the interest of any country, that all the knowledge and energy it contains should be employed in the enactment of its laws and the administration of its government; and that the measures adopted by its rulers should be conformable to the general opinion of its inhabitants. Now, it is the great virtue of a representative legislature that it ensures this object; while the universal responsibility of its functionaries, and the favour with which all colourable accusations against them are always received, seems to secure as much purity in their actual conduct, as the infirmities of human nature will ever allow us to expect.

No patriotism and no wisdom in an absolute ruler can attain these objects. But, in truth, it is absurd to suppose, that absolute rulers will ever be either wise or patriotic. The very genius of their place necessarily inspires other sentiments. The very fact, that they cling fondly to their arbitrary power, proves that they are conscious of abusing it. If they never proposed to do any thing but what was conformable to the wishes and opinions of their subjects, why not give them an opportunity at least of making these opinions authentically known?—why not bind themselves to comply with them?—why not legalize and divide their power, in short, with the representatives of the nation, who might assist them with their advice, and share with them the responsibility of the execution? The truth is, they neither contemplate nor wish for any such

conformity; and though, in a season of alarm, and upon a narrow view of the consequences, they now propose, in some respects, to better the condition of their subjects, they are neither likely to pursue this policy steadily and consistently, nor to hesitate about abandoning it entirely, as soon as they discover that it threatens ultimately to impair any of their darling prerogatives. The time probably never will come, when it will be safe for them to trace back their steps, and entirely to undo what they are now doing; but they will infallibly tamper with the system which they dare not openly abandon, and interfere so often, for the gratification of their own passions, or the vanity and cupidity of their favourites, even with the economical projects they now profess to favour, as to prevent in a great degree the practical good they might have effected, and thoroughly to convince their subjects, that, until they have their rights settled by law, and made independent of the will of the government, there is no reasonable security, either for their continuance, or for their being fairly and equally awarded while they remain. The system, in short, will be most imperfectly and inconsistently administered; and, though we trust it will have operation enough to raise up a spirit of liberty, which nothing but reform can lay again, we have not the least apprehension that it will so exemplify the possible excellence of tyranny, as to make men enamoured of its bounty, or convinced that, for the substantial purposes of life, political freedom is but a troublesome superfluity.

We have but one other observation to make before we conclude. It has often been remarked, that genius and energy of character, nay, even that the nobler and more intellectual kinds of industry, are never found to thrive in any but a free country, or to form in any other circumstances the basis of a national character. The observation is as old as Aristotle, and all subsequent experience has confirmed it. The fact, indeed, is quite certain, and the reason of it sufficiently obvious. Where the most animating subjects are interdicted, genius feels in perpetual dread of rebuke, and disdains to display itself even on those that are permitted; and, while an insulting and impassable barrier shuts up the career of plebeian ambition, all the heroic energies of the character are repressed and extinguished. Even in mechanics, in trade and manufactures, the higher spirit of enterprise will not be exerted if the higher rewards of distinction and political importance be withheld. The successful merchant, in this country—the inventive engineer—the ingenious chemist—the founders of Sovereign companies—the discoverers of steam-engines and safety-lamps, are stimulated in their meritorious labours by the personal honours, as well as the solid wealth to which they aspire, and look forward, not only to a station of equality in the very highest society, but to a seat in the Legislature of their country, and to titular dignities that rank them with the aristocracy of the land. It is only, in short, in a free country, that there is either encouragement for useful enterprise, or security for the reward of perseverance. But we will not be

tempted to enlarge further on these topics. The time has been, even since the commencement of our labours, when we should have been ashamed to have insisted so anxiously on truths so elementary,—and now we shall not be surprised to find that they are considered as paradoxes!

In all that we have now said, we have referred only to the absolute governments of the Continent, and to those chiefly who have associated themselves under the title of the Holy Alliance. To England, we confidently trust, the letter of our observations never will be applicable. But even there, there is much to which the spirit of them may be applied. We, too, are beginning a new era of economical reform, under the patronage of the most jealous opponents of popular rights; and it is not to be doubted, that the credit and popularity which they expect to derive from their new and compulsory liberality in matters of trade and internal regulation, will be employed to strengthen their hands in resisting all proposals for political reform, and in weakening and undermining the democratical parts of the constitution. We are far from insinuating that they have adopted these improvements merely for the purpose of gaining this support to their Tory principles. They have been forced upon them, we do not doubt, by a sincere, though somewhat tardy conviction of their expediency; and if any thing could add to the honest satisfaction, with which we look forward to their actual adoption, it would be the recollection, that they were first suggested by that party in the State to which we have always professed our attachment, and had long to encounter the bigoted opposition of many of their present supporters. We hope we may be permitted to regard this as an augury of their future conversion on points still more important; and, at all events, we trust that the recollection of it will co-operate with the cautions and warnings we have now presumed to offer, in inducing the public to look with some distrust on arguments against the principle of reform, from persons who are now practical reformers—and to judge somewhat favourably of the merits of a cause, to which the most enlightened and powerful of its original enemies have been compelled to proclaim their conversion.

SONGS.

(Translated from the Spanish by Mr. Lockhart.)

Blow light, thou balmy air,
My lady's couch above;
Blow lightly there, ye winds, and spare
The slumbers of my love.
Let no rude blast be found
To mar her gentle sleep;
But all around a dreamy sound,
And drowsy murmur creep.
O fly! thou balmy air,
And by her couch remain;
Go, blend thee with her breath, and bear
Its balm to me again,

But lightly go, and gently blow—
Blow softly as my strain.
Blow gently, do not break
The stillness of her sleep;
I would not make my love awake,
Nor raise those lids to weep.
Ye winds, that, borne in happier hour,
May wanton as ye will,
If round her bower, ye have the power,
To creep and murmur still,
O lightly go, and gently blow,
And let her slumber still.

O! broad and limpid river,
 O banks so fair and gay —
 O! meadows, verdant ever,
 O! groves in green array.
 O! if in field or plain,
 My love should hap to be,
 Ask if her heart retain
 A thought of me.

O clear and crystal dews,
 That in the morning ray,
 All bright with silvery hues,
 Make field and forest gay.
 O! if in field or plain,
 My love should hap to be,
 Ask if her heart retain
 A thought of me.

O woods that to the breeze,
 With waving branches play;
 O sands, where oft at ease
 Her careless footsteps stray;
 O! if in field or plain,
 My love should hap to be,
 Ask if her heart retain
 A thought of me.

O warbling birds that still
 Salute the rising day,
 And plain and valley fill
 With your enchanting lay.
 O! if in field or plain,
 My love should hap to be,
 Ask if her heart retain
 A thought of me.

From the Spanish of Manrique on the Death of his Father.

O! let the soul its slumber break,
 Arouse its senses and awake,
 To see how soon
 Life, with its glories, glides away,
 And the stern footstep of decay
 Comes stealing on.

How pleasure, like the passing wind,
 Blows by, and leaves us nought behind
 But grief at last;
 How still our present happiness
 Seems, to the wayward fancy, less
 Than what is past.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
 Down which our flying minutes glide
 Away so fast;
 Let us the present hour employ,
 And deem each future dream of joy
 Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
 No happier let us hope to find
 To-morrow than to-day.
 Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
 Like them the present shall delight—
 Like them decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
 That into one engulfing sea
 Are doom'd to fall:
 The Sea of Death, whose waves roll on,
 O'er king and kingdom, crown and
 And swallow all. {throne,

Alike the river's lordly tide,
 Alike the humble riv'lets glide
 To that sad wave;
 Death levels poverty and pride,
 And rich and poor sleep side by side
 Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place,
 Life is the running of the race,
 And death the goal:
 There all our steps at last are brought,
 That path alone, of all unsought,
 Is found of all.

Say, then, how poor and little worth,
 Are all those glittering toys of earth
 That lure us here;
 Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
 Alas! before it bids us wake,
 Ye disappear.

Long ere the damps of death can blight
 The cheek's pure glow of red and white
 Hath passed away:
 Youth smiled, and all was heav'nly fair;
 Age came, and laid his finger there,
 And where are they?

Where are the strength that mocked de-
 The step that rose so light and gay, [cay,
 The heart's blithe tone?—
 The strength is gone, the step is slow,
 And joy grows weariness and wo
 When age comes on.

MR. RICARDO.

(From a piece in the London Magazine.)

THOSE, who stood neutral to all parties, remarked that Mr. Ricardo's voice—though heard too seldom for the wishes of the enlightened part of the nation—was never raised with emphasis upon any question lying out of the province in which he reigned as the paramount authority, except upon such as seemed to affect some great interest of liberty or religious toleration. And, wherever a discussion arose which transcended the level of temporary and local politics (as that for example upon corporal punishments), the weight of authority—which mere blank ability had obtained for him in the House of Commons—was sure to be thrown into that view of the case which upheld the dignity of human nature.

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

George Colman, the younger, has been appointed the vender of Plays in the Licensor's office, and his first step has been to interdict the performance of a tragedy, by Martin Archer Shee—author of the Rhymes on Art. Mr. Shee has published the following letters on the subject.

Mr. Editor—The new tragedy of *Alasco*, which has been for some time in rehearsal, at Covent-Garden theatre, has, I find, been withdrawn by the Manager of that establishment, under the censure of the Lord Chamberlain's office. As the infliction of such a censure can be called for, or justified, only by some religious, moral, or political objection to its public appearance on the stage, and as the discredit of producing a work to which any of these objections can be honestly made, might, by conjecture, attach to some writer whose interests or feelings may suffer by the imputation, I think myself bound thus publicly to avow, that I am the author of the production in question, and solely responsible for whatever poetical or *political* delinquencies it may be found to contain.

In hitherto withholding my name, and submitting my work entirely to the disposal of Mr. Kemble, I was influenced only by literary diffidence; for I should consider myself as dishonoured indeed if I had ever written a line, which, in any circumstances, I should be either ashamed or afraid to avow.

Those persons to whom I am known, will not readily believe me capable of composing a work, which could be justly charged as being in any respect inimical to the religious, moral, or political interests of my country.

The immediate publication of the play in question, will enable the public at large to decide, whether the unusual severity with which it has been visited, be the result of sound discretion, and laudable vigilance in the official guardians of dramatic purity, or

a harsh, unnecessary, and injurious exercise of authority, not more injurious to the interests and feelings of the author, than fatal in its principle to the character and independence of dramatic literature in this country.

I remain, Sir,

Your most obdient humble servant,

MARTIN ARCHER SHEE.

Cavendish-square, Feb. 18.

Cavendish-square, Friday, Feb. 20, 1824.

Sir,—As I understand an impression has been excited in the minds of some persons, that the new tragedy of *Alasco* has been interdicted on religious as well as political grounds, and as it is of some importance to me that those who interest themselves in its fate should not, for a moment, be left to suppose that the most vigilant malevolence could discover in any work of mine, even a pretext for such an imputation, I am obliged, reluctantly, to trespass again on your attention, with a request that you will have the goodness to insert in your paper the following letter from the Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household. When I tell you, Sir, that I have received this letter in answer to an appeal, in which I assert, in the face of those authorities that have thought fit to inflict on my character and interest so severe an injury, that my work contains "not one sentiment, moral, religious, or political, of which an honest subject of this empire can justly disapprove, of which any honourable man, of any party, should be ashamed to avow," you will know how to appreciate the admission in his Grace's letter; to which, in my own justification, I beg to direct the public attention:—

(Copy.)

Grosvenor-square, Feb. 19.

Sir,—Thinking Mr. Colman a very sufficient judge of his duty, and as I agree in his conclusion (from the account he has given me of the tragedy called *Alasco*), I do conclude, that at this time, without considerable omissions, the tragedy should not be acted; and whilst I am persuaded that your intentions are upright, I conceive that it is precisely for this reason (though it may not strike authors) that it has been the wisdom of the Legislature to have an examiner appointed, and power given to the Chamberlain of the Household to judge whether certain plays should be acted at all, or not acted at particular times.

I do not mean to enter into an argument with you, Sir, on the subject, but think that your letter, conceived in polite terms to me, calls upon me to return an answer, showing that your tragedy has been well considered.

I remain, Sir, with esteem,

Your obedient servant,

MONTROSE.

To Martin Archer Shee, Esq. &c. &c.

From the above official letter, Sir, you will observe, that the Lord Chamberlain acknowledges the uprightness of my intentions. You will perceive also that his Grace neither asserts nor insinuates that my work contains one sentiment or expression, in itself morally, religiously, or politically objectionable, but expressly alleges the present time as the cause of its exclusion from the stage. But, Sir, the letter of the Lord Chamberlain excites reflections far more important than any which concern the interests of so humble an individual as I am. We find from that letter, that the *fiat* of the newly-appointed examiner is irrevocable—that he rules lord paramount of the British drama, and that, in a question of appeal against the manner in which he exercises the duties of his office, the Lord Chamberlain thinks himself justified in taking the report of the officer accused as the foundation of the judgment which he is called upon to pronounce.

It now only remains for me, Sir, by the publication of my play with all the expedition of which its passage through the press admits, to show what the particular sentiments are which the new dramatic censor thinks unfit to be addressed to the ears of Englishmen in a public theatre,—to offer my humble production to the future candidate for tragic fame, as an example of the delicacy and consideration which he may expect from the judicious zeal of this vigilant guardian of the morality and decorum of the stage. I remain, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

MARTIN ARCHER SHEP.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE LATE MR. HORNE TOOKE.

MR. HORNE TOOKE was one of those who may be considered as connecting links between a former period and the existing generation. His education and accomplishments, nay his political opinions, were of the last age; his mind and the tone of his feelings were *modern*. There was a hard, dry materialism in the very texture of his understanding, varnished over by the external refinements of the old school. Mr. Tooke had great scope of attainment and great versatility of pursuit; but the same shrewdness, quickness, cool self-possession, the same *literalness* of perception and absence of passion and enthusiasm, characterized nearly all he did, said, or wrote. He was almost without a rival in private conversation, an expert public speaker, a keen politician, a first-rate grammarian, and the finest gentleman (to say the least) of his own party. He had no imagination or he would not have scorned it!—no delicacy of taste, no rooted prejudices or strong attachments: his intellect was like a bow of polished steel, from which he shot sharp-pointed, poisoned arrows at his friends in private, at his enemies in public. His mind, so to speak, had no *religion* in it, and but very little of

the moral qualities of genius; but he was a man of the world, a scholar bred, and a most acute and powerful logician. He was also a wit, and a formidable one; yet it may be questioned whether his wit was any thing more than an excess of his logical faculty: it did not consist in the play of fancy, but in close and cutting combinations of the understanding. "The law is open to every one:—so," said Mr. Tooke, "is the London Tavern!" It is the previous deduction formed in the mind, and the splenetic contempt felt for a practical sophism, that *beats about the bush* for, and at last finds the apt illustration; not the casual, glancing coincidence of two objects, that points out an absurdity to the understanding. So, on another occasion, when Sir Alan Gardiner, who was a candidate for Westminster, had objected to Mr. Fox, that "he was always against the minister, *whether right or wrong*," and Mr. Fox in his reply had overlooked this slip of the tongue, Mr. Tooke immediately seized on it, and said "he thought it at least an equal objection to Sir Alan, that he was always *with* the minister, *whether right or wrong*." This retort had all the effect, and produced the same surprise as the most brilliant display of wit or fancy: yet it was only the detecting a flaw in an argument, like a flaw in an indictment, by a kind of legal pertinacity; or, rather, by a rigid and constant habit of attending to the exact import of every word and clause in a sentence. Mr. Tooke had the mind of a lawyer; but it was applied to a vast variety of topics and general trains of speculation.

Mr. Horne Tooke was, in private company and among his friends, the finished gentleman of the last age. His manners were as fascinating as his conversation was spirited and delightful. He put one in mind of the burden of the song of "*the King's old courtier, and an old courtier of the King's*." He was, however, of the opposite party. It was curious to hear our modern sciolist advancing opinions of the most radical kind without any mixture of radical heat or violence, in a tone of fashionable *nonchalance*, with elegance of gesture and attitude, and with the most perfect good-humour. In the spirit of opposition or in the pride of logical superiority, he too often shocked the prejudices or wounded the self-love of those about him, while he himself displayed the same unmoved indifference or equanimity. He said the most provoking things with a laughing gaiety, and a polite attention, that there was no withstanding. He threw others off their guard by thwarting their favourite theories, and then availed himself of the temperance of his own pulse to chafe them into madness. He had not one particle of deference for the opinions of others, nor of sympathy with their feelings; nor had he any obstinate convictions of his own to defend—

"Lord of himself, uncumber'd with a creed!"

He took up any topic by chance, and played with it at will, like a juggler with his cups and balls. He generally ranged himself on the losing side; and had rather an ill-natured delight in contra-

diction, and in perplexing the understandings of others, without leaving them any clue to guide them out of the labyrinth into which he had led them. He understood, in its perfection, the great art of throwing the *onus probandi*, on his adversary; and so could maintain almost any opinion, however absurd or fantastical, with fearless impunity. I have heard a sensible and well-informed man say, that he never was in company with Mr. Tooke without being delighted and surprised, or without feeling the conversation of every other person to be flat in the comparison: but that he did not recollect having ever heard him make a remark that struck him as a sound and true one, or that he himself appeared to think so. He used to plague Fuseli by asking him after the origin of the Teutonic dialects; and Dr. Parr by wishing to know the meaning of the common copulative, *Is*. Once at G——'s he defended Pitt from a charge of verbiage, and endeavoured to prove him superior to Fox. Some one imitated Pitt's manner, to show that it was monotonous; and he imitated him also, to show that it was not. He maintained (what would he not maintain?) that young Betty's acting was finer than John Kemble's, and recited a passage from Douglas in the manner of each, to justify the preference he gave to the former. The mentioning this will please the living,—it cannot hurt the dead—He argued on the same occasion, and in the same breath, that Addison's style was without modulation, and that it was physically impossible for any one to write well, who was habitually silent in company. He sat like a king at his own table, and gave law to his guests—and to the world! No man knew better how to manage his immediate circle, to foil or bring them out. A professed orator beginning to address some observations to Mr. Tooke with a voluminous apology for his youth and inexperience, he said, "Speak up, young man!"—and, by taking him at his word, cut short the flower of orations. Porson was the only person of whom he stood in some degree of awe, on account of his prodigious memory and knowledge of his favourite subject, Languages. Sheridan, it has been remarked, said more good things, but had not an equal flow of pleasantry. As an instance of Mr. Horne Tooke's extreme coolness and command of nerve, it has been mentioned that once at a public dinner, when he had got on the table to return thanks for his health being drunk with a glass of wine in his hand, and when there was a great clamour and opposition for some time, after it had subsided, he pointed to the glass to show that it was still full. Mr. Holcroft, the author of "The Road to Ruin," was one of the most violent and fiery-spirited of all that motley crew of persons who attended the Sunday meetings at Wimbledon. One day he was so enraged by some paradox or raillery of his host, that he indignantly rose from his chair, and said, "Mr. Tooke, you are a scoundrel!" The other, without manifesting the least emotion, replied, "Mr. Holcroft, when was it that I am to dine with you? Shall it be next Thursday?"—"If you please, Mr. Tooke!" answered the angry philosopher, and sat

down again. It was delightful to see him sometimes turn from these waspish or ludicrous altercations with overweening antagonists to some old friend and veteran politician seated at his elbow; to hear him recal the time of Wilkes and Liberty, the conversation mellowing like the wine with the smack of age; assenting to all the old man said, bringing out his pleasant *traits*, and pampering him into childish self-importance, and sending him away thirty years younger than he came!

As a public, or at least as a parliamentary speaker, Mr. Tooke did not answer the expectations that had been conceived of him, or probably that he had conceived of himself. It is natural for men who have felt a superiority over all those whom they happen to have encountered, to fancy that this superiority will continue, and that it will extend from individuals to public bodies. There is no rule in the case; or rather, the probability lies the contrary way. That which constitutes the excellence of conversation is of little use in addressing large assemblies of people; while other qualities are required that are hardly to be looked for in one and the same capacity. The way to move great masses of men is to show that you yourself are moved. In a private circle, a ready repartee, a shrewd cross-question, ridicule and banter, a caustic remark, or an amusing anecdote, whatever sets off the individual to advantage, or gratifies the curiosity or piques the self-love of the hearers, keeps attention alive, and secures the triumph of the speaker: it is a personal contest, and depends on personal and momentary advantages. But in appealing to the public, no one triumphs but in the triumph of some public cause, or by showing a sympathy with the general and predominant feelings of mankind. In a private room, a satirist, a sophist may provoke admiration by expressing his contempt for each of his adversaries in turn, and setting their opinion at defiance; but when men are congregated together on a great public question and for a weighty object, they must be treated with more respect; they are touched with what affects themselves or the general weal, not with what flatters the vanity of the speaker; they must be moved altogether if they are moved at all; they are impressed with gratitude for a luminous exposition of their claims or for zeal in their cause; and the lightning of generous indignation at bad men and bad measures is followed with thunders of applause, even in the House of Commons. But a man may sneer and cavil, and puzzle and fly-blow every question that comes before him,—be despised and feared by others, and admired by no one but himself. He who thinks first of himself, either in the world or in a popular assembly, will be sure to turn attention away from him, instead of rivetting it there. He must make common cause with them. To lead, he must follow the general bias. Mr. Tooke did not therefore succeed as a speaker in Parliament. He stood aloof, he played antics, he exhibited his peculiar talents: while he was on his legs, the question before the House stood still, the only point at issue respected Mr. Tooke himself, his personal

address and adroitness of intellect. Were there to be no more places and pensions, because Mr. Tooke's style was terse and epigrammatic? Were the Opposition benches to be inflamed to an unusual pitch of "sacred vehemence," because he gave them plainly to understand there was not a pin to choose between Ministers and Opposition? Would the House let him remain among them, because, if they turned him out on account of his *black coat*, Lord Camelford had threatened to send his *black servant* in his place? This was a good joke, but not a practical one. Would he gain the affections of the people out of doors, by scouting the question of Reform? Would the King ever relish the old associate of Wilkes? What interest, then, what party did he represent? He represented nobody but himself. He was an example of an ingenious man, a clever talker; but he was out of his place in the House of Commons, where, as in his own house, people did not come to admire or break a lance with him, but to get through the business of the day, and so adjourn! He wanted effect and *momentum*. Each of his sentences told very well in itself, but they did not altogether make a speech. He left off where he began. His eloquence was a succession of drops, not a stream. His arguments, though subtle and new, did not affect the main body of the question. The coldness and pettiness of his manner did not warm the hearts or expand the understandings of his hearers. Instead of encouraging, he checked the ardour of his friends; and teased, instead of overpowering his antagonists. The only palpable hit he ever made, while he remained there, was the comparing his own situation in being rejected by the House, on account of the supposed purity of his clerical character, to the story of the girl at the Magdalen, who was told "she must turn out and qualify." This met with laughter and loud applause. It was a *home thrust*; and the House, to do them justice, are obliged to any one who by a smart blow relieves them of the load of grave responsibility, which sits heavy on their shoulders. At the hustings, or as an election-candidate, Mr. Tooke did better. There was no great question to move or carry—it was an affair of political *sparring* between himself and the other candidates. He took it in a very cool and leisurely manner; watched his competitors with a wary, sarcastic eye; picked up the mistakes or absurdities that fell from them, and retorted them on their heads; told a story to the mob; and smiled and took snuff with a gentlemanly and becoming air, as if he was already in his seat in the House. But a Court of Law was the place where Mr. Tooke made the best figure in public. He might assuredly be said to be "native and endued unto that element." He had here to stand merely on the defensive—not to advance himself, but to block up the way—not to impress others, but to be himself impenetrable. All he wanted was *negative success*; and to this no one was better qualified to aspire.

* "They receive him like a virgin at the Magdalen—Go thou, and do likewise."

Cross-purposes, *moot-points*, pleas, demurrers, flaws in the indictment, double-meanings, cases, inconsequentialities,—these were the playthings, the darlings of Mr. Tooke's mind; and with these he baffled the judge, dumfounded the counsel, and outwitted the jury. The report of his trial before Lord Kenyon is a master piece of acuteness, dexterity, modest assurance, and legal effect. It is much like his examination before the Commissioners of the Income-Tax—nothing could be got out of him in either case!

Mr. Tooke as a political leader belonged to the class of *trimmers*; or at most, it was his delight to make mischief and spoil sport. He would rather be *against* himself than *for* any body else. He was neither a bold nor a safe leader. He enticed others into serapes, and kept out of them himself. Provided he could say a clever or a spiteful thing, he did not care whether it served or injured the cause. Spleen, or the exercise of intellectual power, was the motive of his patriotism, rather than principle. He would talk treason with a saving clause; and instil sedition into the public mind through the medium of a third, who was to be the responsible party. He made Sir Francis Burdett his spokesman in the House and to the country, often venting his chagrin or singularity of sentiment at the expense of his friend: but what in the first was trick or reckless vanity, was in the last plain downright English honesty and singleness of heart. In the case of the State-Trials in 1794, Mr. Tooke rather compromised his friends to screen himself. He kept repeating that "others might have gone on to Windsor, but he had stopped at Hounslow," as if to go farther might have been dangerous and unwarrantable. It was not the question how far he or others had actually gone, but how far they had a right to go, according to the law. His conduct was not the limit of the law, nor did treasonable excess begin where prudence of principle taught him to stop short, though this was the oblique inference liable to be drawn from his line of defence. Mr. Tooke was uneasy and apprehensive for the issue of the Government prosecution while in confinement, and said, in speaking of it to a friend, with a morbid feeling and an emphasis quite unusual with him—"They want our blood—blood—blood!" It was somewhat ridiculous to implicate Mr. Tooke in a charge of High Treason (and indeed the whole charge was built on the mistaken purport of an intercepted letter relating to an engagement for a private dinner-party)—his politics were not at all revolutionary. In this respect he was a mere pettifogger, full of chicane and captious objections and unmeaning discontent; but he had none of the grand whirling movements of the French Revolution, nor of the tumultuous glow of rebellion in his head or in his heart. His politics were cast in a different mould, on the party distinctions and court-intrigues and pittances of popular right, that made a noise in the time of Junius and Wilkes; and even if his understanding had gone along with more modern and

unqualified principles, his cautious temper would have prevented his risking them in practice.

Horne Tooke, though not of the same side in politics, had much of the tone of mind, and more of the spirit of moral feeling, of the celebrated philosopher of Malmesbury. The narrow scale and petty distinctions of his political creed made his conversation on such subjects infinitely amusing, particularly when contrasted with that of persons who dealt in the sounding *common-places* and sweeping clauses of abstract politics. He knew all the cabals and jealousies and heart-burnings in the beginning of the late reign; the changes of administration and the springs of secret influence; the characters of the leading men, Wilkes, Barre, Dunning, Chatham, Burke, the Marquis of Rockingham, North, Shelburne, Fox, Pitt; and all the vacillating events of the American war:—these formed a curious back-ground to the more prominent figures that occupied the present time, and Mr. Tooke worked out the minute details and touched in the evanescent *traits* with the pencil of a master. His conversation resembled a political *camera obscura*—as quaint as it was magical. To some pompous pretenders he might seem to narrate *fabellas aniles* (old wives' fables); but not to those who study human nature, and wish to know the materials of which it is composed. Mr. Tooke's faculties might appear to have ripened and acquired a finer flavour with age. In a former period of his life he was hardly the man he was latterly, or else he had greater abilities to contend against. He nowhere makes so poor a figure as in his controversy with Junius. He has evidently the best of the argument, yet he makes nothing out of it. He tells a long story about himself, without wit or point in it; and whines and whimpers like a schoolboy under the rod of his master. Junius, after bringing a hasty charge against him, has not a single fact to adduce in support of it; but keeps his ground and fairly beats his adversary out of the field by the mere force of style. One would think that "Parson Horne" knew who Junius was, and was afraid of him. "Under him his genius is" quite "rebuked." With the best cause to defend, he comes off more shabbily from the contest than any other person in the "LETTERS," except Sir William Draper, who is the very hero of defeat.

The great thing which Mr. Horne Tooke has done and which he has left behind him to posterity, is his work on Grammar, oddly enough entitled "THE DIVERSIONS OF PURLEY." Many people have taken it up as a description of a game—others supposing it to be a novel. It is in truth one of the few philosophical works on Grammar that have appeared. The essence of it (and indeed almost all that is really valuable in it) is contained in his "Letter to Dunning," published about the year 1775. Mr. Tooke's work is truly elementary. Dr. Lowth described Mr. Harris's "Hermes" as "the finest specimen of analysis since the days of Aristotle;"—a work in which there is no analysis at all; for analysis consists in reducing things to their principles, and not in endless details and

subdivisions. Mr. Harris multiplies distinctions, and *darkens knowledge*. Mr. Tooke clears away the rubbish of schoolboy technicalities, and strikes at the root of his subject. In accomplishing his arduous task, he was perhaps aided not more by the strength and resources of his mind than by its limits and weaknesses. There is a web of old associations wound round language that is a kind of veil over its natural features, and custom puts on the mask of ignorance. But this veil, this mask, the author of "The Diversions of Purley" threw aside, and penetrated to the naked truth of things by the literal, matter-of-fact, unimaginative nature of his understanding, and because he was not subject to prejudices or illusions of any kind. Words may be said to "bear a charmed life, that must not yield to one of woman born"—with womanish weaknesses and confused apprehensions. But this charm was broken in the case of Mr. Tooke, whose mind was the reverse of effeminate, hard, unbending, concrete, physical, half-savage, and who saw language, stripped of the clothing of habit or sentiment, or the disguises of doting pedantry, naked, in its cradle, and in its primitive state. Our author tells us that he found his discovery on Grammar among a number of papers on other subjects, which he had thrown aside and forgotten. Is this an idle boast? or had he made other discoveries of equal importance, which he did not think it worth his while to communicate to the world, but chose to die the churl of knowledge? The whole of his reasoning turns upon showing that the conjunction *That* is the pronoun *That*, which is itself the participle of a verb; and in like manner that all the other mystical and hitherto unintelligible parts of speech are derived from the only two intelligible ones, the Verb and Noun. "I affirm *that* gold is yellow;" that is, "I affirm *that* fact, or that proposition, viz. gold is yellow." The secret of the Conjunction, on which so many fine heads had split, on which so many learned definitions were thrown away—as if it was its peculiar province and inborn virtue to announce oracles and formal propositions, and nothing else, like a doctor of laws—is here at once accounted for, inasmuch as it is clearly nothing but another part of speech, the Pronoun *That*, with a third part of speech, the noun *Thing*, understood. This is getting at a solution of words into their component parts, not glossing over one difficulty by bringing another to parallel it; nor like saying with Mr. Harris, when it is asked "what a conjunction is," that there are conjunctions copulative, conjunctions disjunctive, and as many other frivolous varieties of the species as any one chooses to hunt out "with laborious foolery." Our author hit upon his parent-discovery in the course of a law-suit, while he was examining with jealous watchfulness the meaning of words to prevent being entrapped by them; or rather this effect might itself be traced to the habit of satisfying his own mind as to the precise sense in which he himself made use of words. Mr. Tooke, though he had no objection to puzzle others, was mightily averse to being puzzled or *mystified* himself. All

was to his determined mind either complete light or complete darkness. There was no hazy, doubtful *chiaro-scuro* in his understanding. He wanted something "palpable to feeling as to sight." "What," he would say to himself, "do I mean when I use the conjunction *That*? Is it an anomaly, a class by itself, a word sealed against all inquisitive attempts? Is it enough to call it a *copula*, a bridge, a link, a word connecting sentences? That is undoubtedly its use; but what is its origin?" Mr. Tooke thought he had answered this question satisfactorily; and loosened the Gordian knot of grammarians "familiar as his garter," when he said, "It is the common pronoun, adjective, or participle *That*, with the noun *Thing* or *Proposition* implied, and the particular example following it." So he thought, and so every reader has thought since, with the exception of teachers and writers upon grammar. Mr. Windham, indeed, who was a sophist, but not a logician, charged him with having found "a mare's-nest;" but it is not to be doubted that Mr. Tooke's etymologies will stand the test and last longer than Mr. Windham's ingenious derivation of the practice of bull-baiting from the principles of humanity!

Having thus laid the corner-stone, he proceeded to apply the same method of reasoning to other undecyphered and impracticable terms. Thus the word *And* he explained clearly enough to be the verb *add*, or a corruption of the old Saxon *anandad*. "Two *and* two make four," that is, "Two *add* two make four." Mr. Tooke, in fact, treated words as the chemists do substances; he distinguished those which are compounded of others from those which are not decomposable. He did not explain the obscure by the more obscure, but the difficult by the plain, the complex by the simple. This alone is proceeding upon the true principles of science; the rest is pedantry and *petit-maitreship*. Our philosophical writer distinguished all words by *names of things* and directions added for joining them together, or originally by *Nouns* and *Verbs*. It is a pity that he has left this matter short, by omitting to define the Verb. After enumerating sixteen different definitions (all of which he dismisses with scorn and contumely,) at the end of two quarto volumes he refers the reader for the true solution to a third volume, which he did not live to finish. This extraordinary man was in the habit of tantalising his guests on a Sunday with divers abstruse speculations, and putting them off to the following week for a satisfaction of their doubts; but why should he treat posterity in the same scurvy manner, or leave the world without quitting scores with it? I question whether Mr. Tooke was himself in possession of his pretended *nostrum*, and whether, after trying hard at a definition of the verb as a distinct part of speech, as a terrier-dog mumbles a hedgehog, he did not find it too much for him, and leave it to its fate. It is also a pity that Mr. Tooke spun out his great work with prolix and dogmatical dissertations on irrelevant matters; and, after denying the old metaphysical theories of language, that he should attempt to found a metaphysical theory of his own on the nature and mechanism of language.

The nature of words, he contended, (it was the basis of his whole system,) had no connexion with the nature of things or of thought; yet he afterwards strove to limit the nature of things and of the human mind by the technical structure of language. Thus he endeavours to show that there are no abstract ideas, by enumerating two thousand instances of words, expressing abstract ideas, that are the past participles of certain verbs. It is difficult to know what he means by this. On the other hand, he maintains that "a complex idea is as great an absurdity as a complex star," and that words only are complex. He also makes out a very triumphant list of metaphysical and moral non-entities, proved to be so on the pure principle that the names of these non-entities are participles, not nouns, or names of things. That is strange in so close a reasoner, and in one who maintained that all language was a masquerade of words, and that the class to which they grammatically belonged had nothing to do with the class of ideas they represented.

It is now above twenty years since the two quarto volumes of "The Diversions of Purley" were published, and fifty since the same theory was promulgated in the celebrated "Letter to Dunning." Yet it is a curious example of the "Spirit of the Age," that Mr. Lindley Murray's Grammar* has proceeded to the thirtieth edition in complete defiance of all the facts and arguments there laid down. He defines a noun to be the name of a thing. Is quackery a thing, *i. e.* a substance? He defines a verb to be a word signifying *to be, to do, or to suffer*. Are being, action, suffering, verbs? He defines an adjective to be the name of a quality. Are not *wooden, golden, substantial*, adjectives? He maintains that there are six cases in English nouns; that is, six various terminations without any change of termination at all; and that English verbs have all the moods, tenses, and persons that the Latin ones have. This is an extraordinary stretch of blindness and obstinacy. That is, he translates the Latin grammar into English, as so many had done before him, and fancies he has written an English grammar; and divines applaud, and schoolmasters usher him into the polite world, and English scholars carry on the jest, while Horne Tooke's genuine anatomy of our native tongue is laid on the shelf. Can it be that our politicians smell a rat in the Member for Old Sarum? That our clergy do not relish Parson Horne? That the world at large are alarmed at acuteness and originality greater than their own? What has all this to do with the formation of the English language, or with the first condition and necessary foundation of speech itself? Is there nothing above the reach of prejudice and party spirit? It seems in this, as in so many other instances, as if there was a patent for absurdity in the natural bias of the human mind, and that folly should be *stereotyped*!

* This work is not without merit in the details and examples of English construction. But its fault even in that part is, that he confounds the genius of the English language, making it periphrastic and literal, instead of elliptical and idiomatic. According to Mr. Murray, hardly any of our best writers ever wrote a word of English.

FROM THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

The Star in the East, &c. By J. Conder. 12mo. pp. 195. London, 1824. Taylor and Hessey.

THIS neat little volume too well deserves a tribute of approbation, for us not to offer it. A tone of religious feeling will be its recommendation to a certain class of readers, while its lighter graces will be its passport to others. We hardly think the subject of the *Star in the East* good, yet it is well treated. Poems on domestic occurrences are, we generally observe, best confined to domestic circles; but we must make an exception in Mr. Conder's favour; and the third division, miscellaneous efforts, contains some very pretty little pieces. The three following specimens, one taken from the domestic department, the others from the miscellanies, are, we think, sufficient confirmation of our favourable opinion:—

Do I not love thee? Yes, how well,
Thou best, thou only, Love, canst tell:
For other eyes have never seen
How much a look of mine can mean;
Nor other lips than thine can guess
How deep the feeling mine express.
But thee both eyes and lips have told,
Most truly, that I am not cold.
Yet now, in absence, all thou art
Rushes afresh upon my heart,
And makes me feel that heart not yet
Has ever half discharged its debt.
For Memory, as to mock me, brings
A crowd of half-forgotten things
That Love before had scarcely leisure
To think upon, for present pleasure;
Reproaching me with virtues slighted,
And deeds of kindness unrequited:
While shadowy, awful, undefined,
The Future rises to my mind,
And as its depths my thoughts explore,
I seem to feel thine absence more.
Shuddering I strive to pierce its shade,
By Love a very coward made;
Then turn to meet thy smile. But thou
Art distant—future—shadowy now.
Oh, art thou still a breathing form,
Lovely, and tangible, and warm?
So parted utterly we seem,
As though the past were all a dream;
And thou, as if unearthly, Dearest,
A hallow'd, saintly thing appearest:
So long from sight and touch estranged,
I almost dread to meet thee changed.

Oh, say, do wayward thoughts like these,

Tender regrets, wild phantasies,
And vague misgivings, ever find
Unbidden entrance to *thy* mind?
Oh, it would absence half repay,
To know my spirit held such sway
O'er thine, as that thou couldst not be,
Nor feel thyself, apart from me.

But absence cannot be repaid:
Fast, fast, the fleeting moments fade,
That make up life's allotted sum,
Brief and uncertain all to come.
Then let us not consume apart
The youth and spring-time of the heart.
Enough has absence proved thy power:
Return, and I will bless the hour
That tells me all my fears were vain,
And gives me back my home again.

O give me back the flower I brought
From shades beloved by Thee:
Its leaves, with nameless fancies fraught,
Breathe fragrant memory.
No, keep it—it has bloom'd its hour;
Nor can I bear to see,
In dying languor, ev'n the flower
That lives the type of Thee.

O spare me not—for I can bear
To meet the sternness of thine eye;
And, if I meet affection there,
Can well endure its scrutiny.
I fear it not: within my mind
Whatever lurking error live,
That fault alone thou canst not find,
Which only thou couldst ne'er forgive.
Yes; spare me not. I would not be
Blindly beloved, but fully tried;
From every lighter failing free,
That might alarm or wound thy pride.
Yet, still believe, if e'er I seem
Absent or dull while thou art nigh,
Ev'n then it is of thee I dream,
For thee, in deep abstraction, sigh.
If others, in that dreaming mood,
My idle thoughts appear to share,
I'm all thine own in solitude,
And find my sweetest converse there.

FROM THE SAME.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

A NEW and corrected list of the Officers, Fellows, Associates, and Honorary Members of the Royal Society of Literature has just been put into our hands; and as it contains very important information upon one of the leading features of the Institution, we consider ourselves authorized to make a public use of this public document.

It is well known that when His Majesty, with the noble purpose of encouraging general literature in his peace-established realm, of his own royal suggestion directed the formation of this Society, he was graciously pleased to grant (besides an annual hundred guineas for Medals) the princely sum of 1000 guineas per annum, to be bestowed for life upon ten individuals who had distinguished themselves in the cultivation of letters, and who were to take the name and rank of *Royal Associates*. Farther, that His Majesty, in giving a *carte blanche* to the Council,* authorizing them to appoint these Associates; expressly signified, that in this respect, as in every other proceeding of the Society, it was his desire that no party or political feelings should be permitted to have the slightest influence.

Acting upon this splendid bounty and truly liberal instruction, the Council have, we find, in the same impartial spirit, completed this great branch of their functions, by electing the following Ten Royal Associates from the class of Honorary Associates, previously balloted, and out of which the former are by the Constitution to be supplied.

We take the alphabetic order, and add a list of the principal works of each.

1. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Esq.
The Friend, Essays—Lay Sermons—Translation of Wallenstein—Remorse, a Tragedy—Poems, &c.
2. The Rev. Edward Davies.
Celtic Researches—Mythology of the Ancients.
3. The Rev. John Jamieson, D.D. F.R.S.E. F.L.A.E.
An Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language—Hermes Scythicus—and other Works.
4. The Rev. Thomas Robert Malthus, M.A. F.R.S.
Essay on Population.
5. Thomas James Mathias, Esq. F.R.S. F.S.A.
Runic Odes—On the Evidence relating to the Poems attributed to Rowley—The Shade of Alexander Pope—and various other Works.

* Elected by the Fellows, and in which the administration of the Society is vested.

† Composed of men of all opinions:—need we instance the Bishops of St. David's and Chester; Lords Lansdowne, Clarendon, Morpeth, Grenville; the Chief Justice; the Hon. Agar Ellis; Sir T. D. Acland, Sir J. Mackintosh, Sir Gore Ouseley, Sir A. Johnston; Archdeacon Nares, &c. &c.

9. James Millingen, Esq. F.S.A.

Peintures Antiques inédites de Vases Grecs—Peintures de Vases Grecs, de la Collection de Sir John Coghill, Bart.—Recueil de quelques Medailles Grecques inédites—Medallic History of Napoleon.

7. Sir William Ouseley, Knt. LL.D.

Persian Miscellanies—Oriental Collections—Travels in Persia, &c.—and other Works.

8. William Roscoe, Esq.

Life of Lorenzo de Medici—Life of Leo X.—&c. &c.

9. The Rev. Henry John Todd, M.A. F.S.A.

The Works of Spenser, &c.—Milton's Poetical Works, &c.; Some Account of the Life and Writings of John Milton—Illustrations of the Lives and Writings of Gower and Chaucer—Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Bishop Walton, &c.—Johnson's Dictionary corrected, &c.

10. Sharon Turner, Esq. F.S.A.

History of the Anglo-Saxons, &c.—Vindication of the Genuineness of the Ancient British Poems of Ancurin, Taliesin, Llywarchlen, and Merdlin; to which are added, An Essay on the Antiquity of Rhyme in Europe; "The Voluspa"—The History of England during the Middle Ages, &c.—Prolusions.

When the public looks at this list: when it is seen that nothing but talent and learning have been considered in the elections which it announces, and that not the slightest complexion of politics or corrupt motive can be traced in it, we are convinced that it will be hailed as a most auspicious commencement of the Royal Society of Literature, and a just and anxious return to the expressed will of its august founder.

Wishing not to extend this notice by any remarks, we shall simply add to the facts above stated (from the same published paper,) that the number of the Fellows now exceeds one hundred and fifty, including many names of the highest rank, and most eminent for learning; that the Honorary Associates embrace men of all persuasions (for we observe among its names those of Doctors of Divinity belonging to the Church of England, one of the most esteemed of the Dissenting Clergy, one a Roman Catholic, and another of the Society of Friends;*) and finally that the Honorary Members† are both Foreign and British persons of the greatest literary distinction.

* To illustrate this, we subjoin the list:—

Mr. Bernard Barton.

The Rev. Thomas Dudley Fosbrooke, M.A. F.A.S.

Richard Duppa, Esq. LL.B.

William Jacob, Esq. F.R.S.

The Rev. Samuel Lee, M.A. Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge.

The Rev. John Lingard, D.D.

The Rev. George Millar, D.D.

Thomas Mitchell, Esq. M.A.

James Montgomery, Esq.

The Rev. James Parsons, B.D.

The Rev. Richard Polwhele.

The Rev. Abraham Rees, D.D. F.R.S. F.L.S. Soc. Amer. Soc.

Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. Sec. R.S.E.

† They are:—

The Rev. Archibald Alison, LL.B. F.R.S.L. & E.

The Right Rev. George Gleig, D.D. Chief Bishop of the Scots Episcopal Church.

At the last two General Meetings, Mr. Archdeacon Nares contributed a valuable paper on Palimpsest Manuscripts, of which we shall endeavour to render an account in our next number.

FROM THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

FATAL PRESENTIMENTS.

'Tis the sunset of life teaches mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.

Lochiel's Warning.

MR. EDITOR,—It is a common practice with sceptics, and other narrow-minded persons, to reject as fabulous every fact, however well authenticated, for which they are unable to account, and to bestow sundry hard epithets upon those who are weak enough to believe that there are things, both in heaven and earth, which are not dreamt of in our philosophy. As one of the latter class, I must, of course, be content to be pronounced credulous and imbecile, for entertaining a firm belief in many things which the wise men of this generation will probably pronounce incredible, or set down to the account of some morbid affection of the mind; but having a great faith in human testimony, when it is honest, disinterested, and consistent, and when the facts recorded fell under the immediate observation of those by whom they were related, and who could have no possible motive to embellish or mislead, I must be excused for not suffering any antecedent improbability, resulting, in a great measure, if not altogether, from the imperfection of our knowledge, to weigh against such unexceptionable evidence. In my view of the matter, nothing can be more unphilosophical, to refuse assent to a statement merely because it is extraordinary or uncommon, and although the testimony in support of it be ever so clear, consistent, and trust-worthy; for, admitting that a statement of this kind will require *more* evidence to authenticate it than one of an opposite kind, and in some measure conformable to our previous experience, it does not surely follow that mere abstract improbability, which is only relative, is sufficient to neutral-

M. Joseph Von Hammer, Aulic Counsellor, and Oriental Interpreter to the Emperor of Austria.

The Most Rev. Wm. Magee, Lord Archbishop of Dublin.

Signor Angelo Mai, Librarian to the Vatican.

Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B.

William Mitford, Esq. F.A.S.

James Rennell, Esq. F.R.S. Ed. Instit. Sc. Paris et Soc. R. Gott. Soc.

Henry Salt, Esq. F.R.S. His Majesty's Consul-General in Egypt.

M. William Augustus Von Schlegel, Professor of Oriental Literature in the University of Bonn.

Sir George Thomas Staunton, Bart. F.R.S. M.R.I. F.A.S. F.L.S.

Thomas Young, Esq. M.D. F.R.S.

Charles Wilkins, Esq. LL.D. F.R.S. R.A.S. Instit. Reg. Scien. Paris. Corresp. Acad. Reg. Monach. Soc.

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3 G

ize *all* evidence, and destroy every ground of reasonable belief. This were, indeed, to cut off one of the most important sources of human knowledge, and, by leading us to make our own experience the measure of our faith, to seal up the instruction derivable from history, and to oppose an effectual bar to human improvement.

No fact is better authenticated than this, that many men, distinguished for personal bravery, and the most intrepid contempt of danger in its most appalling forms, have, on the eve of battle, been overwhelmed with a *fatal presentiment* that they would not survive the combat; and that, in no instance, so far as I have been able to learn, has this presentiment been falsified by the event. The self-doomed victim has, in every case, fallen as he had foretold and anticipated. I shall mention a few of the numerous accounts of this prophetic anticipation of death which have come to my knowledge, and then adventure a few remarks on a phenomenon as singular as it is interesting.

A young officer of great merit, belonging to the 92d Regiment, was observed, on the day before the battle of Corunna, to be peculiarly low-spirited and dejected; which was the more readily remarked, as he was in general gay, cheerful and full of spirit. Several of his brother officers inquired the reason, and received no answer; but on getting an opportunity of conversing alone with one of them to whom he was much attached, being of the same name, and from the same part of the country, "M." said he, "I shall to a certainty be killed to-morrow; I know I shall, and you will see it." His friend and countryman tried to laugh him out of this notion, and said it was childish, and unworthy of a man who had so often beheld the eye of the enemy, to harbour such forebodings. The next day, after the heat of the action, the two young men met by accident, and he who the day before had derided the gloomy imagination of his friend, accosted the other with "What, M.! I thought you were to have been killed; did I not tell you that you should not?" The unfortunate young man replied that nothing could convince him that he would ever see the sun of that day go down; and, strange as it may seem, the words had scarcely escaped from his lips, when he was struck in the left shoulder by a cannon-shot, and instantly expired.

There are few regiments in the service which have not some anecdotes of this sort to record. I shall mention one or two more, which were communicated to me by officers of great respectability and intelligence, who only stated such facts as were consistent with their own personal knowledge. A Lieutenant M'D., of the 43d Regiment, felt this presentiment so strongly on the eve of one of the battles in the Peninsula, that he sent for an officer, (Captain S.) a countryman of his own, but belonging to a different regiment, (the 88th,) and requested him to take charge of several little things, and see them conveyed home in safety to his relations, particularly his mother. Captain S., in surprise, asked him the reason why

he, who was in perfect health, should think of making such arrangements? To which M.D. replied, "Yes, I am in perfect health, but I know I shall never return from the field of battle." Knowing M.D. to be a particularly brave man, (at that moment he wore on his breast several medals which had been given him by the Commander-in-Chief, in testimony of the high approbation which his conduct in the field had repeatedly called forth,) and never having heard him express himself in such terms before, Captain S. was lost in astonishment, and his first impression was, that poor M.D. had caught some febrile infection, and that his mind was wandering. He therefore proceeded to remonstrate with his young friend, though in the gentlest terms, and to endeavour, if possible, to rally him out of that desponding presentiment which appeared to have taken such deep hold on his imagination. M.D. heard him calmly, and without taking any notice of what he said, repeated his request in such a cool and collected manner, as to leave no doubt that he was in the full and perfect exercise of all his faculties; Captain S. having therefore given him a promise that all his wishes should be complied with, they separated, and each went to his post. On the following day, after the tumult and *mêlée* of the battle had subsided, the British arms being, as usual, victorious, a number of the officers met, to congratulate one another on their safety. When Captain S. joined the party, he immediately inquired after his friend M.D., but none of the survivors had seen him, or knew any thing of his fate. The conversation of the preceding day now rushed upon his mind, and, without saying a word, he instantly returned to the field to search for him among the wounded, the dead, and the dying. Nor was the search in vain. He found him already stript of part of his regimentals, but knew him at once, his head and face being untouched. Captain S. became deeply affected, and could not help melting into tears as he bent over the lifeless body of the brave and gallant youth, foredoomed to so premature a fate.

The same thing happened in the case of Serjeant Macdonald from Lochaber, one of the bravest fellows who ever drew a sword or carried a halbert, and who had been at least in ten or twelve general engagements, in each of which he had distinguished himself. On one occasion, however, he was so greatly overwhelmed with the presentiment of death, that, on the day of battle, when his regiment was ordered to advance, his limbs refused to do their office, and his comrades had literally to support and assist the man to whom they had been accustomed to look up as an example and model of a brave soldier. In about an hour thereafter, he was shot through the head, and died without a struggle.

A private of the name of Mackay, a man of the most reckless, daring, and eccentric character, used to be the delight of the bivouacs of the 42d, during the Peninsular War. He had a great deal of that coarse but effective wit and drollery, which never fail to call forth a peal of inextinguishable laughter: he abounded in anecd-

dotes and stories, which he told with a remarkable degree of naïveté and humour; and often did he beguile the watches of the night, as poor Allan did to Mungo Park, "by singing the songs of our dear native land." The moment Mackay made his appearance, hunger, and thirst, and fatigue were forgotten; the soldiers clustered around him, like a parcel of schoolboys eager to witness a cockfight, and, seating themselves round the watch-fires, thought only of listening to the joke, the tale, or the song. Even some of the officers did not disdain to mingle in these parties, and to acknowledge the powerful fascination which hung on the lips of this unlettered soldier. Nor was his humour, mirth, and song, confined to the march and the camp; in the thickest of the enemy's fire he was the same person as in the bivouac. "Never," said the officer who communicated to me these particulars, "never shall I forget the impression made upon my mind by hearing Mackay's full and deep-toned voice pealing forth 'Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,' under the destructive diagonal fire from the enemy's artillery on the heights above the village of St. Boes. A soldier only knows the effect of such an incident at such a moment!" Yet this singular man was seized with one of those fatal presentiments of which I have been speaking. On the eve of the battle of Toulouse, he suddenly became thoughtful and silent. His previous character rendered this change more apparent, and his comrades crowded round him to inquire the reason, being at first inclined to gibe him with what they called his "methodist face;" but on observing his dejected look, the wild and unearthly expression of his eye, and the determined obstinacy with which he resisted all solicitations to join their party, as usual, they stared at each other with astonishment, and ceased to annoy him. It was, moreover, his turn to go on duty to the outposts, and he soon left them. On his way to his post, he met a young officer, who had shown him much kindness, and whose life he had been instrumental in saving. "Ha! Mackay!" said the officer, "is it you? Bless me, how ill you look!—what is the matter with you,—are you unwell? Stay,—I will go to the Colonel, and request him to allow some one else to take your duty." "I thank you kindly, Mr. M." said Mackay, respectfully saluting the officer; "I am not unwell, and had rather go myself. But I have a favour to ask of you; you have been always kind—very kind—to me, and I am sure you will not refuse it." "What is it? What is it? Speak it out at once, man," said Mr. M. "It is *borne in* upon my mind that I shall fall to-morrow," rejoined Mackay; "here are ten dollars; will you take charge of them, and send them to my mother? You know where she resides; and—and—if it were not too much trouble," he added, his voice faltering, "you might tell her, her son never ceased, till his last hour, to implore the blessing of Heaven on her aged head, or to reproach himself with having disobeyed, and left her solitary and destitute." The tears now flowed down his weather-beaten cheeks. Mr. M. was deeply affected, and taking

the money in silence, broke away from Mackay, in order to conceal his emotion. Mr. M. retired to his quarters, oppressed with the melancholy feelings which this strange scene had occasioned, but anxious, at the same time, to persuade himself that it was a mere hallucination of fancy, and that the poor fellow's mind was touched. On the succeeding day, however, when the remains of the regiment were mustered, after the battle, which had cost so many valuable lives, Mackay was missing; but the tears of his surviving comrades sufficiently indicated that his presentiment had been fulfilled. He had fallen late in the action, beside one of the redoubts, pierced with more than twenty bullets.

The last instance of this kind I shall mention is one which will probably make a greater impression than any of the preceding, as it is derived from an authority which, on such a subject, must, I should suppose, prove decisive. Napoleon, on the 7th of May, 1796, had surprised the passage of the Po at Placenza, while Beau lieu was expecting him at Valeggio; and General Laharpe, commanding the grenadiers of the advanced guard, fixed his headquarters at Emmetri, between Fiombio and the Po. During the night, Liptay's Austrian division arrived at Fiombio, which is only one league from the river, and having embattled the houses and steeples, filled them with troops. As the position was strong, and Liptay might receive reinforcements, it became of the utmost importance to dislodge him; which was effected after an obstinate contest. Laharpe then executed a retrograde movement, to cover the roads leading to Pavia and Lodi. In the course of the night, a regiment of the enemy's cavalry appeared at his outposts, and created considerable alarm, but, after a few discharges, retired. Nevertheless, Laharpe, followed by a piquet and several officers, went forward to reconnoitre, and particularly to interrogate, in person, the inhabitants of the farm-houses on the road. Unfortunately, however, he returned towards the camp by a different road from that by which he had been observed to set out; and the troops being on the watch, and mistaking the reconnoitering party for a detachment of the enemy, opened a brisk fire of musquetry, and Laharpe fell dead, pierced with the bullets of his own soldiers, by whom he was greatly beloved. "*It was remarked, that, during the action of Fiombio, throughout the evening preceding his death, he had seemed very absent and dejected; giving no orders, appearing, as it were, deprived of his usual faculties, and entirely overwhelmed by a FATAL PRESENTIMENT.*" General Laharpe was one of the bravest men in the army of Italy; "a grenadier both in stature and courage; and, though a foreigner by birth, (a Swiss,) had raised himself to the rank of a general officer, by his skill and gallantry."* (*Napoleon's Memoirs, III. 172.*)

* Not remotely connected with this subject is the following anecdote, upon the authenticity of which the reader may rely: On the night before Massena's attack on Lord Wellington's position, on the Sierra de Busaco, the troops, not expecting that the enemy was near, had laid down on the summit of the ridge to take a little

Similar details might be multiplied to almost any extent; but the above are sufficient to serve the purpose I have at present in view; and the question that now presents itself for consideration is, Supposing these facts to be perfectly authentic, which on the strongest moral evidence I believe them to be, is it possible, consistently with any known principle or attribute of the human mind, to offer any explanation of this remarkable phenomenon? It is obvious, from the preceding anecdotes, that this "fatal presentiment," as Napoleon calls it, cannot be considered as an hallucination of mind, engendered by cowardice or fear, as, in all the instances that have been communicated to me, or I have come to the knowledge of, it has happened to men of approved courage, and of great firmness and intrepidity of character. One of the most striking concomitants of this prophetic anticipation of death is the overweening conviction that it will be inevitably realized; a conviction so strong as not to be shaken by either argument or ridicule; the man, therefore, who marches to battle, assured, in his own mind, that he will never return, by that very act, and in the peculiar circumstances, gives the most decisive proof of constancy and resolution, of his mastery over the passion of fear, and of his superiority to the weakness with which some minds are overwhelmed by the certainty of death. In the conflict of antagonist passions, the more powerful of course prevails, and determines human conduct; in other words, man always acts from the stronger motive.

Nor is it consistent with the principles of reason, or even the doctrine of chances, to hold, that the realization of these fatal forebodings is to be ascribed to accident alone. The result of all the information I have been able to collect on the subject is, that in no case has the presentiment been falsified by the event; and, to say the least, it is very improbable, that, in so many instances, the pre-

rest; and numbers, both of the men and officers, overcome with fatigue, naturally fell asleep. Among the latter was the gallant officer who then commanded the Connaught Rangers. He had not slept, however, any length of time, when he started up, apparently in great alarm, and calling one of the officers of the same regiment, who had laid down quite close by him, said, "I have just had a most extraordinary dream; such as I once had before, the night before a battle. Depend on it we shall be attacked very soon." The young man immediately went forward, and after looking between him and the horizon, and listening for a while to every sound and murmur wafted on the night-breeze, returned, and reported that all was still. The colonel was satisfied, and they again laid down; but, in less than half an hour, he started up a second time, exclaiming, in strong language, that ere an hour elapsed they would be attacked! On seeing the colonel and his young friend throwing aside their cloaks, and moving off, several of the officers around them took the alarm; and it was time,—for, on examination, it was found that the enemy's columns of attack were ascending the heights, with the utmost secrecy and expedition. It is known that they had reached the summit, and that some of their battalions had deployed into line before the British were ready to attack them. They were then charged, broken, and driven down the hill with great loss. It is remarkable that the same gallant officer, now a general, had a similar dream in Egypt, on the morning of the 21st March, before the British position was attacked by the French under cover of the darkness.—The reader will find a case nearly parallel in the 7th chapter of the Book of Judges.

diction should be followed by the accomplishment, were there nothing more in the matter than a morbid imagination on the one hand, and a remarkable coincidence, like that of repeatedly throwing the same dice, on the other. Soldiers, and particularly veteran soldiers, familiar with danger and death, are not liable to be troubled with hypochondriac affections, or phantoms of visionary terror, the progeny of ennui or jaded epicurism; the evils they suffer and feel are physical, not mental; their life has too much of stern reality to be embittered by the phantasmagoria of the brain; food and rest after fatigue, and after battle, victory, and glory, are, in general, the prime objects with which they concern themselves. It is therefore highly improbable that such gloomy forebodings as those of which I have been writing, should, in the first instance, be occasioned by any distempered affection of the mind; and it is no less improbable that the constant fulfilment of the prediction should be a mere accidental coincidence. I have heard at least a hundred anecdotes of the kind of which I have now given some specimens; and the result was invariably the same in all. Now, I say, that it would be absolutely miraculous were the dice (supposing them not loaded) to turn up a hundred times, in succession, the same numbers. It ought likewise to be remarked, that this is one of those predictions which cannot be said to produce its own accomplishment; soldiers, exposed to an enemy's fire, can scarcely increase or diminish, by any act of their own, the hazards to which all are equally exposed.

Upon what principle, then, are we to account for the appalling certainty of approaching death thus irresistibly "borne in" upon the mind? By what secret intimation is it thus, in some instances, assured of the near approach of an event, which, to the vast majority of men, "clouds and shadows rest upon" till the fatal moment when it is revealed? Whence the overwhelming conviction with which the presentiment is accompanied? I confess I cannot tell; but I believe the fact, because the moral evidence in favour of it is, to me, irresistible. The physiology of the mind is a subject of which we are, and will for ever continue, in total ignorance. It may have *latent* powers, which only a particular combination of causes can call into action; and that combination may be of rare occurrence, and beyond the reach of our inquiries, when it does happen. Many of the lower animals are gifted with a presentiment of danger, the manner of acquiring which is probably as mysterious as that which we are considering; and this seems to be given them by Nature for their preservation. Man is, in general, placed in a less enviable situation, because he has reason, instead of instinct, as his guide. Yet it has been believed, in all ages, that men have been, occasionally, forewarned of their approaching dissolution, and that "sounds, by no mortal made," are intelligible to "death's prophetic ear." This belief, probably, I may add, certainly, originated from the observation of facts similar to those I have mentioned; but how, at the "sunset of life," "coming

events cast their shadows before," is a mystery which we shall never be able to penetrate. It is equally impossible, I suspect, even to conjecture, with any degree of plausibility, whether these premonitions result from any internal consciousness, or external agency,—from some latent power of the mind suddenly called into action, or from the immediate influence of that Mighty Being of whom it is only an emanation. Be this as it may, it is the business of philosophy to accumulate facts, not theories, and where these are few, and the connecting principle doubtful, to avoid all hasty generalizations.*

I am yours, &c.

CASSIUS.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

MR. BOWDICH, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

IN our last publication, it was our painful duty to announce the death of this accomplished and enterprising individual. Having had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and consequently participating in a more than ordinary degree in the regret occasioned by this event, we can find no task more consolatory to our feelings than that of dedicating a portion of our columns to his memory.

* Having confined myself to military anecdotes, illustrative of the presentiment of approaching and inevitable death, I shall advert, in this note, to the well-known case of Henri IV. That truly great prince, on the night immediately preceding the day on which he fell by the knife of Ravaillac, "could take no rest, and was in continual uneasiness," and, "in the morning, he told those about him that he had not slept, and was very much disordered. Thereupon, M. de Vendome entreated his Majesty to take care of himself that day, and not to go out; FOR THAT DAY WAS FATAL TO HIM." (*Perle de l'Etoile.*) The King, however, treated this advice with derision; and as one La Brosse had predicted that he would fall on that day, he seemed resolved, like Cæsar, to brave the ides of March, and, if possible, to give the prophet the lie. This disturbance and disorder continued unabated, till the very moment that he formed the resolution to go abroad in the afternoon. Mathieu, in recounting his discourse both before and after dinner, adds, that "he could not stay one moment in any place, nor conceal his irresolution and disorder;" and that striking his forehead with his hand, he exclaimed, "*My God! there is something here which strangely troubles me; I know not what is the matter!*" The assassin, who was on the watch for his opportunity, hearing that the King had ordered his carriage, muttered to himself, "*I have thee—thou art lost!*" and the dreadful prediction was fulfilled. We are informed by Sully, that Henri lived in perpetual apprehension of assassination; and it is therefore quite probable that the prediction of La Brosse, coupled with the constant dread that he would, in this way, be immolated, to satiate the implacable rage of his enemies, may have occasioned that undefinable irresolution and disorder for which he himself was unable to account. It may therefore be doubted whether the state of Henri's mind, immediately preceding his death, can be considered as that of a person labouring under a presentiment of his approaching fate. He derided, or affected to deride, La Brosse's prediction; he appears to have been oppressed by no overmastering conviction that his hours were numbered; he only felt an unusual restlessness, and a disorder of the brain, which *might* have been produced involuntarily by the causes already mentioned. The circumstance, however, was altogether too remarkable to be passed over.

Mr. Bowdich was born in June, 1793, at Bristol, where his father was a considerable manufacturer. At a very early age he was sent to the Grammar School of that city, and soon gave the strongest indications of those talents which distinguished him in future life. He was afterwards placed at a school at Corsham, in Wiltshire, of high classical reputation, and subsequently, for a short time, was attached to one of the Halls in Oxford, although, it is believed, he was never regularly matriculated.

At an early age, Mr. Bowdich formed a matrimonial connexion, which proved his pride and solace in all the vicissitudes of his chequered life; and for some years he remained resident in Bristol, participating in his father's business.

A variety of circumstances, however, and especially a distaste for trade, induced him to seek a more congenial pursuit, and a near relative filling at that time an important situation on the Gold Coast, Mr. Bowdich solicited, and obtained, an appointment as writer in the service of the African Company.

He arrived at Cape Coast Castle in the year 1816, and was shortly afterwards joined by his wife, the cheerful participator of all his dangers, and the efficient assistant in his scientific labours. It being determined to send an embassy to the interior kingdom of Ashantee, a service in which few were willing to embark, Mr. Bowdich promptly sought permission to lead or accompany it; but the circumstance of his being a husband and a father was felt to present a reason for refusing his request, till at length the urgency of his solicitation and the recollection of his talents prevailed, and he was appointed to the perilous enterprise. The mission was successful in all its objects, and Mr. Bowdich fortunately achieved the distinction of being, amongst the many who had devoted themselves to the fearful object of exploring the interior of Africa, the only one whose labours were crowned with complete success. Never, perhaps, were prudence and intrepidity more required, or more strikingly exhibited, than in the progress of this mission. In illustration of the latter quality, we quote a passage from a despatch, written by Mr. Bowdich, at a moment when the fate of himself and his companions was suspended by a thread of the most fragile texture.

"But, Gentlemen, if in your better knowledge and reflection, you cannot, consistently with your honour and your trust, meet the king's demand, the history of our country has fortified our minds with the illustrious example of a Vansittart and his colleagues, who were situated as we are, when the dawn of British intercourse in India was scarcely more advanced than its dawn in Africa is now, and their last request to their council is our present conclusion to you. Do not put our lives in competition with the honour and interests of our country."

Returning to England to communicate the interesting and valuable details, which even the imminent perils of his situation had not diverted him from collecting, and to solicit the means of more ex-

tensive and efficient research, Mr. Bowdich was greeted by all who were eminent in science or station, with the most flattering testimonials of the value of his discoveries and acknowledgments of the merits of his personal exertions.

Ever enthusiastic in the cause of science, he derived an additional stimulus from the applauses which were thus bestowed, and thenceforward had no object but to be allowed the means and opportunity of devoting his attainments and intrepidity to further researches in the interesting field he had already in part explored.

But, with his talents, Mr. Bowdich possessed that very common, but unprofitable concomitant—a high and independent spirit, which could neither parley with expediency, nor yield up an honest conviction in deference to any superiority but that of intellect. Hence, it was his misfortune to offend the Company whom he served, by an exposure of abuses which has since led to its dissolution, and to draw down the enmity of a gentleman officially high and himself a distinguished African traveller,—offences sufficient to obliterate all the merits of brilliant and advantageous services, to erase all the written acknowledgments of his deserts—to cancel all those obligations which the devotion of his talents and the exposure of his life had created.*

Denied, through this predominating influence, any reward for past services, or the means of further exertion in the same cause, yet still bent on the prosecution of discovery, Mr. Bowdich repaired to Paris, with the view of perfecting his knowledge of some of the physical sciences, by the means with which that city abounds. His reception here was as generous as flattering; Humboldt, Cuvier, Biot, Denon, in short, all the Savans, bestowed on him the most distinguishing attention; a public *éloge* was pronounced on him at a meeting of the Four Academies of the Institute, and an advantageous appointment offered by the French Government. Too much an Englishman, however, to accept this offer, Mr. Bowdich continued in Paris a considerable time, endeavouring to obtain, by his own industry, the means of pursuing the object of his fond ambition, and having at length effected the necessary arrangements, he took his departure from Europe, accompanied by his wife and two children, and bearing with him a painful recollection of the return he had received for his past efforts, but hoping, by further achievements in the field of science, to establish a stronger claim upon society at large, and to wring, even from his adversaries, a reluctant assent to his merits.

Contemplating the renewal of his exploratory labours, Mr. Bowdich, in an answer to an article in the Quarterly Review, has thus prophetically expressed himself—"I hope, I pray, that the feelings of the present members of the British Government may not be afflicted by the recollection that they have been *persuaded* to be

* This is the strong language used to us; and we can only express our hope that no jealousy or selfish consideration could be the cause of such cruelty.—*Ed. L. G.*

unjust to me when it shall be too late to tell me so,—when a family which depends on me for support, will reply, that I have fallen in Africa, the victim of disinterested zeal and unsupported enterprise.”

The first intelligence received of Mr. Bowdich is, that his prophecy has been realized, and that he has died a martyr in the cause to which he had dedicated himself, leaving an accomplished and amiable widow with three children totally unprovided for. Our limits will not allow us to do justice to Mr. Bowdich's talents and acquirements; they were, however, of a very high order. He was a profound classic and linguist, an excellent mathematician, well versed in most of the physical sciences, in ancient and modern history, and in polite literature.

Mr. Bowdich was a member of many of the learned societies of this country and the continent, and, besides the very interesting account of his mission to Ashantee, was the author of several scientific works. In the death of such an individual, combining, as he did, so many valuable qualifications for a traveller, the cause of science has sustained a loss not easily to be repaired, and the country has to deplore the departure of a generous and elevated spirit, whose affection could not be alienated even by the ingratitude he experienced.

THE CHILD OF THE FORESTS.

Is not thy heart far off amidst the woods

Where the red Indian lays his father's dust,

And, by the rushing of the torrent-floods,

To the Great Spirit bows in silent trust?

Doth not thy soul o'ersweep the foaming main,

To pour itself upon the wilds again?

They are gone forth, the Desert's warrior-race,

By stormy lakes to track the elk and roe;

But where art thou, the swift one in the chase,

With thy free footstep and unfailing bow?

Their singing shafts have reach'd the panther's lair,

And where art thou?—thine arrows are not there!

They rest beside their streams—the spoil is won—

They hang their spears upon the cypress-bough,

The night-fires blaze, the hunter's work is done—

They hear the tales of old—and where art thou?

The night-fires blaze beneath the giant-pine,

And there a place is fill'd, that once was thine.

For thou art mingling with the City's throng,

And thou hast thrown thine Indian bow aside,

Child of the forests! thou art borne along

Ev'n as ourselves, by life's tempestuous tide!

But will this be?—and canst thou here find rest?—

Thou hadst thy nurture on the Desert's breast.

Comes not the sound of torrents to thine ear,

From the Savanna-land, the land of streams?

Hear'st thou not murmurs which none else may hear?

Is not the forest's shadow on thy dreams?

They call, wild voices call thee o'er the main—

Back to thy free and boundless woods again!

Hear them not! hear them not!—thou canst not find
 In the far wilderness what once was thine!
 Thou hast quaff'd knowledge from the founts of mind,
 And gather'd loftier aims and hopes divine.
 Thou know'st the soaring thought, th' immortal strain—
 Seek not the deserts and the woods again! [New M. Mag.]

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Pilot: a Tale of the Sea. By the Author of "The Spy,"
 "Pioneers," &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo.

THE very considerable power and ability displayed in "The Spy" and "The Pioneers," the precursors of the present volumes, have rendered the author of those works, who is understood to be a Mr. Cooper, of New York, a decided favourite with all novel-readers on this side of the Atlantic. "The Pilot" will, we feel persuaded, add still more to his reputation. It is a fine sea-piece, painted with a bold and vigorous pencil, and does great credit to the writer's powers, both of description and sentiment. Although he has chosen the same element for the subject of his sketches which has furnished Smollet with so many happy delineations, yet there is nothing of the copyist in Mr. Cooper's pages. The sea-pieces of Smollet are mostly, if not entirely, humorous; but the scenes of "The Pilot" are of a more chivalrous and romantic character. The novel is, however, by no means deficient in that broad comic humour which seems to flow so easily from a seaman's tongue.

The scene, as in "The Spy," is laid during the Revolutionary contest, and the nominal hero is no other than the celebrated Paul Jones, whose debarkation upon our coasts spread so much terror during the period of the American war. The reader, however, is never made officially acquainted with the name of the hero, which he is left to discover by sundry remote inferences. The Pilot himself is, in our estimation, the least successful character in the novel, and, indeed, the only one with whom we feel inclined to find fault. There is too much *Byronism* about him, if we may be allowed the expression. The other characters are all well-drawn, spirited, distinct, and natural. Tom Coffin, or Long Tom, might have figured with great credit to himself and the author on the pages of the Scotch novelist. Many of the scenes are admirably conceived; amongst which we would specify the taking of St. Ruth's Abbey, the escape of Long Tom, and the loss of the Ariel. The latter scene, more especially, is worked up with a degree of energy which takes a powerful effect upon the feelings of the reader.

We are heartily rejoiced to receive such works as these from across the Atlantic, and we hail them as proofs of the growing taste and genius of the Americans.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.—DOGS.

THERE being no adage more generally established, or better founded, than that the principal conversation of shepherds meeting on the hills is either about DOGS or LASSES, I shall make each of these important topics a head, or rather a *snag*, in my Pastoral Calendar, whereon to hang a few amusing anecdotes; the one of these forming the chief support, and the other the chief temporal delight, of the shepherd's solitary and harmless life.

Though it may appear a singular perversion of the order of nature, to put the dogs before the lasses, I shall nevertheless begin with the former. I think I see how North will chuckle at this, and think to himself how this is all of the Shepherd being fallen into the back ground of life, (by which epithet he is pleased to distinguish the married state,) for that he had seen the day he would hardly have given angels the preference to lasses, not to speak of a parcel of tatted towsy tykes!

I beg your pardon, sir, but utility should always take precedence of pleasure. A shepherd may be a very able, trusty, and good shepherd, without a sweetheart—better, perhaps, than with one. But what is he without his dog? A mere post, sir—a nonentity as a shepherd—no better than one of the grey stones upon the side of his hill. A literary pedlar, such as yourself, Sir Christy, and all the thousands beside who deal in your small wares, will not believe, that a single shepherd and his dog will accomplish more in gathering a stock of sheep from a Highland farm, than twenty shepherds could do without dogs. So that you see, and it is a fact, that, without this docile little animal, the pastoral life would be a mere blank. Without the shepherd's dog, the whole of the open mountainous land in Scotland would not be worth a sixpence. It would require more hands to manage a stock of sheep, gather them from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and drive them to markets, than the profits of the whole stock were capable of maintaining. Well may the shepherd feel an interest in his dog; he is indeed the fellow that earns the family's bread, of which he is himself content with the smallest morsel; always grateful, and always ready to exert his utmost abilities in his master's interest. Neither hunger, fatigue, nor the worst of treatment, will drive him from his side; he will follow him through fire and water, as the saying is, and through every hardship, without murmur or repining, till he literally fall down dead at his foot. If one of them is obliged to change masters, it is sometimes long before he will acknowledge the new one, or condescend to work for him with the same avidity as he did for his former lord; but if he once acknowledge him, he continues attached to him till death; and though naturally proud and high-spirited, in as far as relates to his master, these qualities (or rather failings) are kept so much in subordination, that he has

not a will of his own. Of such a grateful, useful, and disinterested animal, I could write volumes; and now that I have got on my hobby, I greatly suspect that all my friends at Ambrose's will hardly get me off again.

I once sent you an account of a notable dog of my own, named Sirrah, which amused a number of your readers a great deal, and put their faith in my veracity somewhat to the test; but in this district, where the singular qualities of the animal were known, so far from any of the anecdotes being disputed, every shepherd values himself to this day on the possession of facts far outstripping any of those recorded by you formerly. With a few of these I shall conclude this paper.

But, in the first place, I must give you some account of my own renowned Hector,* which I promised long ago. He was the son and immediate successor of the faithful old Sirrah; and though not nearly so valuable a dog as his father, he was a far more interesting one. He had three times more humour and whim about him; and though exceedingly docile, his bravest acts were mostly tinged with a grain of stupidity, which showed his reasoning faculty to be laughably obtuse.

I shall mention a striking instance of it. I was once at the farm of Shorthope, on Etrick head, receiving some lambs that I had bought, and was going to take to market, with some more, the next day. Owing to some accidental delay, I did not get final delivery of the lambs till it was growing late; and being obliged to be at my own house that night, I was not a little dismayed lest I should scatter and lose my lambs, if darkness overtook me. Darkness did overtake me by the time I got half way, and no ordinary darkness for an August evening. The lambs having been weaned that day, and of the wild black-faced breed, became exceedingly unruly, and for a good while I lost hopes of mastering them. Hector managed the point, and we got them safe home; but both he and his master were alike sore forefoughten. It had become so dark, that we were obliged to fold them with candles; and after closing them safely up, I went home with my father and the rest to supper. When Hector's supper was set down, behold he was wanting! and as I knew we had him at the fold, which was within call of the house, I went out, and called and whistled on him for a good while, but he did not make his appearance. I was distressed about this; for, having to take away the lambs next morning, I knew I could not drive them a mile without my dog, if it had been to save me the whole drove.

The next morning, as soon as it was day, I arose and inquired if Hector had come home. No; he had not been seen. I knew not what to do; but my father proposed that he would take out the lambs and herd them, and let them get some meat to fit them for the road; and that I should ride with all speed to Shorthope, to

* See the Mountain Bard.

see if my dog had gone back there. Accordingly, we went together to the fold to turn out the lambs, and there was poor Hector sitting trembling in the very middle of the fold door, on the inside of the flake that closed it, with his eyes still stedfastly fixed on the lambs. He had been so hardly set with them after it grew dark, that he durst not for his life leave them, although hungry, fatigued, and cold; for the night had turned out a deluge of rain. He had never so much as lain down, for only the small spot that he sat on was dry, and there had he kept watch the whole night. Almost any other colley would have discerned that the lambs were safe enough in the fold, but honest Hector had not been able to see through this. He even refused to take my word for it, for he durst not quit his watch though he heard me calling both at night and morning.

Another peculiarity of his was, that he had a mortal antipathy at the family mouser, which was ingrained in his nature from his very puppyhood; yet so perfectly absurd was he, that no impertinence on her side, and no baiting on, could ever induce him to lay his mouth on her, or injure her in the slightest degree. There was not a day, and scarcely an hour passed over, that the family did not get some amusement with these two animals. Whenever he was within doors, his whole occupation was watching and pointing the cat from morning to night. When she flitted from one place to another, so did he in a moment; and then squatting down, he kept his point sedulously, till he was either called off or fell asleep.

He was an exceedingly poor taker of meat, was always to press to it, and always lean; and often he would not taste it till we were obliged to bring in the eat. The malicious looks that he cast at her from under his eyebrows on such occasions, were exceedingly ludicrous, considering his utter incapability of wronging her. Whenever he saw her, he drew near his bicker, and looked angry, but still he would not taste till she was brought to it; and then he cocked his tail, set up his birses, and began a lapping furiously, in utter desperation. His good nature was so immoveable, that he would never refuse her a share of what he got; he even lapped close to the one side of the dish, and left her room—but mercy as he did ply!

It will appear strange to you to hear a dog's *reasoning faculty* mentioned, as I have done; but, I declare, I have hardly ever seen a shepherd's dog do any thing without perceiving his reasons for it. I have often amused myself in calculating what his motives were for such and such things, and I generally found them very cogent ones. But Hector had a droll stupidity about him, and took up forms and rules of his own, for which I could never perceive any motive that was not even farther out of the way than the action itself. He had one uniform practice, and a very bad one it was, during the time of family worship, and just three or four seconds before the conclusion of the prayer, he started to his feet, and ran barking round the apartment like a crazed beast. My fa-

ther was so much amused with this, that he would never suffer me to correct him for it, and I scarcely ever saw the old man rise from the prayer without his endeavouring to suppress a smile at the extravagance of Hector. None of us ever could find out how he knew that the prayer was near done, for my father was not formal in his prayers; but certes he did know,—of that we had nightly evidence. There never was any thing for which I was so puzzled to discover a motive as this; but, from accident, I did discover it, and, however ludicrous it may appear, I am certain I was correct. It was much in character with many of Hector's feats, and rather, I think, the most *outré* of any principle he ever acted on. As I said, his great daily occupation was pointing the cat. Now, when he saw us kneel all down in a circle, with our faces couched on our paws, in the same posture with himself, it struck his absurd head, that we were all engaged in pointing the cat. He lay on tenters all the time, but the acuteness of his ear enabling him, through time, to ascertain the very moment when we would all spring to our feet, he thought to himself, "I shall be first after her for you all."

He inherited his dad's unfortunate ear for music, not perhaps in so extravagant a degree, but he ever took care to exhibit it on the most untimely and ill-judged occasions. Owing to some misunderstanding between the minister of the parish and the session clerk, the precenting in church devolved on my father, who was the senior elder. Now, my father could have sung several of the old church tunes middling well, in his own family circle; but it so happened, that, when mounted in the desk, he never could command the starting notes of any but one (St. Paul's), which were always in undue readiness at the root of his tongue, to the exclusion of every other semibreve in the whole range of sacred melody. The minister, giving out psalms four times in the course of every day's service, consequently, the congregation were treated with St. Paul's, in the morning, at great length, twice in the course of the service, and then once again at the close. Nothing but St. Paul's. And, it being of itself a monotonous tune, nothing could exceed the monotony that prevailed in the primitive church of Ettrick. Out of pure sympathy for my father alone, I was compelled to take the precentorship in hand; and, having plenty of tunes, for a good while I came on *as well as could be expected*, as men say of their wives. But, unfortunately for me, Hector found out that I attended church every Sunday, and though I had him always closed up carefully at home, he rarely failed in making his appearance in church at some time of the day. Whenever I saw him a tremor came over my spirits, for I well knew what the issue would be. The moment that he heard my voice strike up the psalm, "with might and majesty," then did he fall in with such overpowering vehemence, that he and I seldom got any to join in the music but our two selves. The shepherds hid their heads, and hid them down in the backs of their seats rowed in their plaids,

and the lasses looked down to the ground and laughed till their faces grew red. I despised to stick the tune, and therefore was obliged to carry on in spite of the obstreperous accompaniment; but I was, time after time, so completely put out of all countenance with the brute, that I was obliged to give up my office in disgust, and leave the parish once more to their old friend, St. Paul.

Hector was quite incapable of performing the same feats among sheep that his father did; but, as far as his judgment served him, he was a docile and obliging creature. He had one singular quality, of keeping true to the charge to which he was set. If we had been shearing, or sorting sheep in any way, when a division was turned out, and Hector got the word to attend to them, he would have done it pleasantly, for a whole day, without the least symptom of weariness. No noise or hurry about the fold, which brings every other dog from his business, had the least effect on Hector, save that it made him a little troublesome on his own charge, and set him running round and round them, turning them in at corners, out of a sort of impatience to be employed as well as his baying neighbours at the fold. Whenever old Sirrah found himself hard set, in commanding wild sheep on steep ground, where they are worst to manage, he never failed, without any hint to the purpose, to throw himself wide in below them, and lay their faces to the hill, by which means he got the command of them in a minute. I never could make Hector comprehend this advantage, with all my art, although his father found it out entirely of himself. The former would turn or wear sheep no other way, but on the hill above them; and though very good at it, he gave both them and himself double the trouble and fatigue.

It cannot be supposed that he could understand all that was passing in the little family circle, but he certainly comprehended a good part of it. In particular, it was very easy to discover that he rarely missed aught that was said about himself, the sheep, the cat, or of a hunt. When aught of that nature came to be discussed, Hector's attention and impatience soon became manifest. There was one winter evening, I said to my mother that I was going to Bowerhope for a fortnight, for that I had more convenience for writing with Alexander Laidlaw, than at home; and I added, "But I will not take Hector with me, for he is constantly quarrelling with the rest of the dogs, singing music, or breeding some uproar."—"Na, na," quoth she, "leave Hector with me; I like aye best to have him at hame, poor fallow."

These were all the words that passed. The next morning the waters were in a great flood, and I did not go away till after breakfast; but when the time came for tying up Hector, he was wanting.—"The d—'s in that beast," said I, "I will wager that he heard what we were saying yesternight, and has gone off for Bowerhope as soon as the door was opened this morning."

"If that should really be the case, I'll think the beast no canny," said my mother.

The Yarrow was so large as to be quite impassable, so that I had to go up by St. Mary's Loch, and go across by the boat; and, on drawing near to Bowerhope, I soon perceived that matters had gone precisely as I suspected. Large as the Yarrow was, and it appeared impassable by any living creature, Hector had made his escape early in the morning, had swum the river, and was sitting, "like a drookit hen," on a knoll at the east end of the house, awaiting my arrival with great impatience. I had a great attachment to this animal, who, with a good deal of absurdity, joined all the amiable qualities of his species. He was rather of a small size, very rough and shaggy, and not far from the colour of a fox.

His son, Lion, was the very picture of his dad, had a good deal more sagacity, but also more selfishness. A history of the one, however, would only be an epitome of that of the other. Mr. William Nicholson took a fine likeness of this latter one, which that gentleman still possesses. He could not get him to sit for his picture in such a position as he wanted, till he exhibited a singularly fine picture of his, of a small dog, on the opposite side of the room. Lion took it for a real animal, and, disliking its fierce and important look exceedingly, he immediately set up his ears and his shaggy birses, and fixing a stern eye on the picture, in manifest wrath, he would then sit for a whole day, and point his eye at it, without budging or altering his position.

It is a curious fact, in the history of these animals, that the most useless of the breed have often the greatest degree of sagacity in trifling and useless matters. An exceedingly good sheep-dog attends to nothing else, but that particular branch of business to which he is bred. His whole capacity is exerted and exhausted on it, and he is of little avail in miscellaneous matters; whereas, a very indifferent cur, bred about the house, and accustomed to assist with every thing, will often put the more noble breed to disgrace, in these paltry services. If one calls out, for instance, that the cows are in the corn, or the hens in the garden, the house-colley needs no other hint, but runs and turns them out. The shepherd's dog knows not what is astir; and, if he is called out in a hurry for such work, all that he will do is to break to the hill, and rear himself up on end, to see if no sheep are running away. A bred sheep-dog, if coming ravening from the hills, and getting into a milk-house, would most likely think of nothing else than filling his belly with the cream. Not so his uninitiated brother. He is bred at home to far higher principles of honour. I have known such lie night and day, among from ten to twenty pails full of milk, and never once break the cream of one of them with the tip of his tongue, nor would he suffer cat, rat, or any other creature, to touch it. This latter sort, too, are far more acute at taking up what is said in a family. There was a farmer of this country, a Mr. Alexander Cuninghame, who had a bitch that, for the space of three or four years, in the latter part of her life, met him always at the foot of his farm, about a mile and a half from his house, on his way home. If he was

half a day away, a week, or a fortnight, it was all the same; she met him at that spot, and there never was an instance seen of her going to await his arrival there on a wrong day. If this was a fact, which I have heard averred by people who lived in the house at that time, she could only know of his coming home by hearing it mentioned in the family. The same animal would have gone and brought the cows from the hill when it grew dark, without any bidding, yet she was a very indifferent sheep-dog.

The anecdotes of these animals are all so much alike, that were I but to relate the thousandth part of those I have heard, they would often look very much like repetitions. I shall therefore only in this paper mention one or two of the most singular, which I know to be well authenticated.

There was a shepherd lad near Langholm, whose name was Scott, who possessed a bitch, famed over all the West Border for her singular tractability. He could have sent her home with one sheep, two sheep, or any given number, from any of the neighbouring farms; and in the lambing season it was his uniform practice to send her home with the kebbed ewes just as he got them.—I must let the town reader understand this. A kebbed ewe is one whose lamb dies. As soon as such is found, she is immediately brought home by the shepherd, and another lamb put to her; and this lad, on going his rounds on the hill, whenever he found a kebbed ewe, he immediately gave her in charge to his bitch to take home, which saved him from coming back that way again, and going over the same ground he had looked before. She always took them carefully home, and put them into a fold which was close by the house, keeping watch over them till she was seen by some one of the family; and then that moment she decamped, and hasted back to her master, who sometimes sent her three times home in one morning, with different charges. It was the custom of the farmer to watch her, and take the sheep in charge from her; but this required a good deal of caution; for as soon as she perceived that she was seen, whether the sheep were put into the fold or not, she conceived her charge at an end, and no flattery could induce her to stay and assist in folding them. There was a display of accuracy and attention in this, that I cannot say I have ever seen equalled.

The late Mr. Steel, flesher in Peebles, had a bitch that was fully equal to the one mentioned above, and that in the very same qualification too. Her feats in taking home sheep from the neighbouring farms into the flesh-market at Peebles by herself, form innumerable anecdotes in that vicinity, all similar to one another. But there is one instance related of her, that combines so much sagacity with natural affection, that I do not think the history of the animal creation furnishes such another.

Mr. Steel had such an implicit dependance on the attention of this animal to his orders, that whenever he put a lot of sheep before her, he took a pride of leaving it to herself, and either re-

mained to take a glass with the farmer of whom he had made the purchase, or took another road, to look after bargains or other business. But one time he chanced to commit a drove to her charge at a place called Willenslee, without attending to her condition, as he ought to have done. This farm is five miles from Peebles, over wild hills, and there is no regularly defined path to it. Whether Mr. Steel remained behind, or took another road, I know not; but on coming home late in the evening, he was astonished at hearing that his faithful animal had never made her appearance with the drove. He and his son, or servant, instantly prepared to set out by different paths in search of her; but on their going out to the street, there was she coming with the drove, no one missing; and, marvellous to relate, she was carrying a young pup in her mouth! She had been taken in travail on these hills; and how the poor beast had contrived to manage her drove in her state of suffering, is beyond human calculation; for her road lay through sheep the whole way. Her master's heart smote him when he saw what she had suffered and effected; but she was nothing daunted; and having deposited her young one in a place of safety, she again set out full speed to the hills, and brought another, and another, till she brought her whole litter, one by one; but the last one was dead. I give this as I have heard it related by the country people; for though I knew Mr. Walter Steel well enough, I cannot say I ever heard it from his own mouth. I never entertained any doubt, however, of the truth of the relation, and certainly it is worthy of being preserved, for the credit of that most docile and affectionate of all animals—the shepherd's dog.

The stories related of the dogs of sheep-stealers are fairly beyond all credibility. I cannot attach credit to those without believing the animals to have been devils incarnate, come to the earth for the destruction of both the souls and bodies of men. I cannot mention names, for the sake of families that still remain in the country; but there have been sundry men executed, who belonged to this department of the realm, for that heinous crime, in my own time; and others have absconded, just in time to save their necks. There was not one of those to whom I allude who did not acknowledge his dog to be the greatest aggressor. One young man, in particular, who was, I believe, overtaken by justice for his first offence, stated, that after he had folded the sheep by moonlight, and selected his number from the flock of a former master, he took them out, and set away with them towards Edinburgh. But before he had got them quite off the farm, his conscience smote him, as he said, (but more likely a dread of that which soon followed,) and he quitted the sheep, letting them go again to the hill. He called his dog off them; and mounting his pony, he rode away. At that time he said his dog was capering and playing around him, as if glad of having got free of a troublesome business; and he regarded him no more, till, after having rode about three miles, he thought again and again that he heard something coming up be-

hind him. Halting, at length, to ascertain what it was, in a few minutes, there comes his dog with the stolen drove, driving them at a furious rate to keep up with his master. The sheep were all smoking, and hanging out their tongues, and their driver was fully as warm as they. The young man was now exceedingly troubled; for the sheep having been brought so far from home, he dreaded there would be a pursuit, and he could not get them home again before day. Resolving, at all events, to keep his hands clear of them, he corrected his dog in great wrath, left the sheep once more, and taking his dog with him, rode off a second time. He had not ridden above a mile, till he perceived that his dog had again given him the slip; and suspecting for what purpose, he was terribly alarmed as well as chagrined; for the daylight approached, and he durst not make a noise calling on his dog, for fear of alarming the neighbourhood, in a place where both he and his dog were known. He resolved therefore to abandon the animal to himself, and take a road across the country which he was sure his dog did not know, and could not follow. He took that road; but being on horseback, he could not get across the enclosed fields. He at length came to a gate, which he closed behind him, and went about half a mile farther, by a zigzag course, to a farm house where both his sister and sweetheart lived; and at that place he remained until after breakfast time. The people of this house were all examined on the trial, and no one had either seen sheep, or heard them mentioned, save one man, who came up to the aggressor as he was standing at the stable-door, and told him that his dog had the sheep safe enough down at the Crooked Yett, and he needed not hurry himself. He answered, that the sheep were not his—they were young Mr. Thomson's, who had left them to his charge; and he was in search of a man to drive them, which made him come off his road.

After this discovery, it was impossible for the poor fellow to get quit of them; so he went down and took possession of the stolen drove once more; carried them on, and disposed of them; and, finally, the transaction cost him his life. The dog, for the last four or five miles that he had brought the sheep, could have no other guide to the road his master had gone, but the smell of his pony's feet. I appeal to every unprejudiced person if this was not as like one of the devil's tricks as an honest colley's.

It is also well known that there was a notorious sheep-stealer in the county of Mid-Lothian, who, had it not been for the skins and sheep's heads, would never have been condemned, as he could, with the greatest ease, have proved an *alibi* every time on which there were suspicions cherished against him. He always went by one road, calling on his acquaintances, and taking care to appear to every body by whom he was known; while his dog went by another with the stolen sheep; and then on the two felons meeting again, they had nothing more ado than turn the sheep into an associate's enclosure, in whose house the dog was well fed and entertained,

and would have soon taken all the fat sheep on the Lothian edges to that house. This was likewise a female, a jet-black one, with a deep coat of soft hair, but smooth headed, and very strong and handsome in her make. On the disappearance of her master, she lay about the hills and the places where he had frequented; but she never attempted to steal a drove by herself, nor yet any thing for her own hand. She was kept a while by a relation of her master's; but never acting heartily in his service, soon came to an untimely end privately. Of this there is little doubt, although some spread the report that one evening, after uttering two or three loud howls, she had vanished!—From such dogs as these, good Lord deliver us!

H.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

HIS LANDLADY.

From an unpublished Novel, by the late Walter Torrens, Esq.

* * * * When at college himself he had been a little gay, and remembering the consequences of his own follies, was anxious that I should pay some attention to Edmund.

"I know your habits," said he; "but what I mean by attention is not that sort of hospitable kindness, which is apt to bring on the very evil I wish to guard against; in a word, I entreat for him the attention of an observant eye—the eye of a censor—as well as the occasional advice of a friend."

Heaven knows how ill qualified I am by nature for any office of severity, especially towards the aberrations of young men. Among the pleasantest recollections of my youth, are many things that old age now tells me were very naughty, while it makes me sigh that I shall never perform them again.

But how could I refuse such a request?—I had not heard of Lumley for more than forty years, and to be so affectionately reminded of the follies we had committed together—Follies!—what vile translations are made by old age—and these same follies, the very things which, by the alchymy of old companionship, had enriched me with virtues, that made him anxious I should superintend the education—rather let me say, the follies! of his only son.

Accordingly next morning, immediately after breakfast, I went to Mrs. Lesley's lodgings. She lived in a fourth flat in George's street, but I was so buoyant with the hope of seeing a renewed, and, as I was led to believe, an improved version of Lumley, that I felt neither gout nor age in ascending. On reaching the door, however, I was rather startled to observe, not that it was newly painted, one of the common lures of the season, but that the brass-plate with the name was new, and seemingly fresh from the engraver.

I halted on the stairhead, and looking at the plate before ringing the bell, said to myself, "I do not like this—a new comer—inexperienced—short commons, garnished with tales of better days, won't do—" and with a slight degree of fervency, the natural excitement of the ideas which the brass had conjured up, I somewhat testily touched the bell.

It was too long I thought of being answered; and I caught myself saying "slatternly wench," as I again laid my finger on the spring.

While the bell was sounding the second summons, the door was opened, not as I expected, by a sooty besmeared drab, with dishevelled locks, and a hearth-brush in her hand, looking from behind the door, as if she expected a thief, but by a little girl of some six or seven years old—the loveliest creature I have ever seen, dressed with the most perfect simplicity, and her ringlets clustering all over her head, in curls as small, pretty, and natural, as the wool buds of the fleece of the lamb.

"Is Mr. Edward Lumley at home, my dear?" said I, patting her instinctively on the head with, I know not wherefore, a sentiment of pity, as my eye accidentally fell again on the ugly new brass-plate with her mother's name.

"I don't know, but please to walk into the parlour, and I will inquire," was the answer, delivered with an engaging, modest self-possession, and with an English accent, that seemed, if I may say so, appropriately in unison with the beauty and gentleness of the lovely fairy's air and appearance.

I accordingly followed her into the parlour, which I saw was newly furnished. The carpet was new—the chairs were new, but the tables were evidently second-hand, so was the grate and its appurtenances, even to the hearth-rug. Every thing was perfectly suitable to the style of the room, except a few ornaments on the mantle-piece, consisting of neat toys, made of paper, ingeniously painted. They had more the character of ornaments for the mosaic tables of a boudoir, than for the chimney-shelf of a boarding-house parlour; an old squat spoutless china tea-pot, with a cup or two, odiously reminding one of senna, would have been more appropriate; but I thought of the pretty creature that had gone to inquire for young Lumley, and I said to myself, thinking no more of his comforts, but only of the family, "They are beginners, and will learn before the winter is over to dispense with these gewgaws." At that moment a cold fit came upon me; I thought of the blooming child, and I looked again at those tasteful ornaments.

"I hope in God," said I, "that she has no sister capable of making and painting such things—This house will never do, if Edmund has much of his father in him."

While I was thus relapsing into the peevish humour in which I had first touched the bell, the parlour door was opened by a tall and elegant gentlewoman, in the weeds of a widow. It was Mrs.

Lesley; she was about five-and-thirty, probably not so old; but no one, seeing her, for the first time, would ever have thought of her age, there was so much of an ever-green spirit in the liveliness of her look, and the beautiful intelligence of her eye—what she said about Edmund I do not recollect, nor do I believe that I heard it, so much was I entranced by the appearance of *such* a lady in a condition so humble.

I imagine that she saw my embarrassment, for she requested me to be seated, and again said something about her boarder, adding, with an apparent equanimity that was exceedingly touching, "He has gone to bring a friend here, who arrived from Westmoreland last night; for as yet I have got but himself."

"Is it possible?" said I, not well knowing what I said.

"I am sorry it is true," replied she with a smile; but there was a despondency in the tone that ill accorded with the gaiety of the look, and she added seriously, "I must, however, try a little longer. If Mr. Lumley brings his friend, perhaps his friend may bring another. It is in that way I expect to succeed, for I have no friends to recommend me."

"Good heavens! madam," exclaimed I, no longer able to suppress the emotion with which I was affected, "how is it that you are in this condition?—how have you come here, and without friends?—Who are you?—what are you?"

The latter questions were impertinent certainly, but the feeling which dictated them, lent, I presume, so fitting an accent to their earnestness, that they neither gave offence, nor implied any thing derogatory to the elegant and unfortunate widow to whom they were addressed.

"I am not surprised at your wonder," said she, "for I do sometimes think myself that I am not very properly at home here. But what can a friendless woman do? without fortune, and with children that——"

She could say no more—the tears rushed into her eyes—and emotion stifled what she would have added.

After a brief pause, I mustered confidence enough to address her again. "I entreat your pardon, madam, and I hope you will not think me impertinent for saying, that your appearance, and the business in which you have embarked, are so sadly at variance, that I should account myself wanting in the performance of a grave duty, if I did not ask for some explanation."

"It is natural you should," said she, wiping the tear from her cheek; "and two words will satisfy you—'pride and poverty.' Pride has brought me to Edinburgh, because I am here unknown, and poverty has induced me to try this mode of"—her voice struggled, but she soon subdued the emotion, and added, "for my children. I have four—two boys older, and one girl younger, than my little house-maid."

"House-maid!" said I, almost with the alarm of consternation. She smiled again, but it was such a smile that tears were inade-

quate to express the sadness of heart which it betokened. "It is even so," said she, "for, until I obtain another boarder, I cannot venture to engage a regular servant. The little money which I raised by the sale of my trinkets is all I have, and the purchase of these few necessities, (glancing her eye round the room,) has made, I assure you, no small inroad on it."

"Heavens! madam,—and if you do not get boarders, and it run out, what is to become of you?" was my silly exclamation, being by this time quite beside myself.

She looked at me for some time. She evidently struggled with a terrible feeling; but she conquered it, and said, with a common, easy, conversational tone, which her eye, however, made sublimely awful, "You should not ask such a question at one in my circumstances."

The bell, at this juncture, was rung, and in a minute or so afterwards young Lumley entered, with disappointment and grief so visible in his countenance, that I felt as if my own heart was absolutely perishing away.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Notice of the late M. Delambre, Perpetual Secretary of the Mathematical Class in the Institute of France, Professor of Astronomy in the College of France.

M. DELAMBRE was born at Amiens, in September, 1749. While he was pursuing his studies at his native place, the expulsion of the Jesuits from France left vacant several of the professorships in the College, and these vacancies were filled by professors sent from Paris. Among these was the Abbé Delille, a Repeater of Syntax in the College of Beauvais, who had already attempted to translate the Georgics of Virgil. The citizens of Amiens, who were attached to the interests of the Jesuits, refused to admit the new professors into their society, and Delille was thus left to associate only with his pupils. Under these circumstances, he soon distinguished Delambre; and a friendship thus commenced between the master and his pupil, which was afterwards renewed in Paris, and which terminated only with the life of the poet.

In the year 1782, in the thirty-third of his age, M. Delambre became acquainted with the celebrated French astronomer Lalande, who, observing his aptitude for the study of astronomy, advised him to devote his attention to that science. Influenced by this advice, he became the pupil of Lalande, who afterwards used to say that Delambre was his best work. One of the first papers published by Delambre was his account of the occultation of Venus on the 12th April, 1785, which appeared in the 3d volume of the *Nova Acta Petropolitana*; and in the same year he contributed to the Me-

moirs of the Academy of Berlin a dissertation on the elements of the solar orbit,—a subject which he afterwards pursued with such distinguished success. The greater number of our author's papers, however, were published in the *Connaissance des Temps*: and, from 1788 to 1817, almost every volume was enriched with a valuable memoir from his pen.

The discovery of the Georgium Sidus by Dr. Herschel in 1781, directed the attention of astronomers to the determination of its orbit. In this new field, Delambre obtained great distinction. He constructed the most accurate tables of the motion of the new planet; and, in 1790, the prize given by the French Academy was awarded to him for these labours. In 1792, he obtained another prize for his Tables of the Satellites of Jupiter; and he soon afterwards presented to the same learned body his Tables of the Motions of Jupiter and Saturn. In consequence of these valuable contributions to the science of astronomy, he was unanimously chosen a member of the Academy of Sciences in 1792. In the same year he was appointed, along with Mechain, to measure an arc of the meridian between Dunkirk and Barcelona, an operation which, though often interrupted by the events of the revolution, was finished in the most successful manner in 1795. An account of this great undertaking he afterwards published in his *Methodes Analytiques pour la determination d'un Arc du Meridien*, one volume 4to. 1799, and in his *Base du Systeme Metrique decimal*, which appeared in three volumes quarto, from 1806 to 1814. These valuable works could not fail to obtain the highest approbation from the Institute; and accordingly that learned body decreed to him, in 1810, one of the decennial prizes which had been instituted by Bonaparte. But, as the emperor refused to deliver the prizes which he had himself established, Delambre obtained only the honour of its adjudication.

Previous to this measurement, the French Academicians had not distinguished themselves in the practical parts of astronomy. Among the members of the Academy which were sent to measure an arc of the meridian in Lapland, the Abbé Outhier is said to have been the only one of them who understood the method of taking corresponding altitudes with the quadrant which was then used. The results of the measurement were such as might have been expected, under such circumstances. Even Lagrange, whom Bonaparte used to call *le Rucine de la Geometrie*, was so little acquainted with the practical part of astronomy, that he requested Lalande to explain to him the use of the Zenith Sector and the Mural Quadrant.

Delambre had therefore peculiar merit in executing, in so superior a manner, the great trigonometrical operations which were entrusted to him; and he is entitled also to the still higher praise of having set an example which has been followed by so many of the other nations of Europe. In 1795, M. Delambre was appointed one of the members of the Board of Longitude, and a member of the

First Class of the Institute of France. When Bonaparte became First Consul, Delambre was appointed Inspector-General of Studies; and, in this capacity, he organized the Lyceum of Moulins in 1802, and that of Lyons in 1803, in a manner which reflected the highest credit on his intelligence and good feelings.

In 1807, upon the death of his preceptor and friend Lalande, Delambre was appointed Professor of Astronomy in the College of France. In this situation, he found himself associated with his former master M. Delille, who had been appointed to the professorship of Latin Poetry. This eminent poet, who was now old and blind, was obliged to appoint a deputy to discharge the duties of his office. In 1812, when he had been particularly indisposed, and when great fears had been entertained for his life, he made an unexpected recovery, and resolved to give the first lecture at the opening of the course. Although the lecture did not begin till one o'clock, the doors of the lecture room were closely beset so early as eleven, and the other professors found themselves deserted. The crowd had become so great at twelve, that the soldiers who guarded the entrance were pushed from their places, and the crowd filled the lecture room. On this interesting occasion, the old blind poet was led to the chair by his favourite pupil Delambre, and by M. Lefevre Gineau.

In the year 1808, M. Delambre was appointed Treasurer of the Imperial University; and upon the return of the Bourbon family, he was nominated in 1814 a member of the Royal Council of Public Instruction, a place which he lost in 1815.

At the creation of the Legion of Honour by the Bourbons, M. Delambre was made a member of that order. He was appointed Chevalier of St. Michael in 1817; an Officer of the Legion of Honour in 1821; and a long time before he was created a Hereditary Chevalier, with a donation, which was decreed as a national reward. In the midst of these honours, Delambre was carried off from his friends on the 19th of August, 1822, in the seventy-third year of his age. An eulogy, full of eloquence and fine feeling, was pronounced over his tomb by Baron Cuvier, in the name of the Institute; and a similar mark of respect was paid to his memory by the College of France and the Board of Longitude.

The great extent of the labours of Delambre will be seen from the list of his writings which accompanies this notice; but the full value of them can only be appreciated by those who are profoundly acquainted with the subjects of which they treat. The services which he rendered to astronomical science, though not gilded with any brilliant discovery, possess a value far beyond those which are characterized principally by their novelty. His Tables of the Sun, and those of Saturn, the Georgium Sidus, and Jupiter and his Satellites, are the result of immense labour, and are marked with a degree of precision far beyond the expectations of the most sanguine astronomer. His *Traité d'Astronomie Theorique et Pratique*, in three volumes, and his *Histoire de l'Astronomie An-*

cienne, in two volumes, his *Histoire de l'Astronomie du Moyen Age*, in one volume, and the two first volumes of his *Histoire de l'Astronomie Moderne*, are works of great judgment and erudition, and will maintain their value as long as the science of the heavens is cultivated.

To a profound knowledge of science, Delambre added the rare accomplishment in a scientific man, a deep knowledge of ancient and modern languages. He was so thoroughly acquainted with the Greek language, that he could speak it as fluently as his native tongue; and it is impossible to read his History of Ancient Astronomy, without admiring the advantages which this acquirement has given him over all the other historians of Science. He also read English, Italian, and German, with fluency; and, though his erudition was principally directed to the purposes of science, yet he often relaxed from his severer labours in the study of Virgil, Homer, Plutarch, and Cicero. In his scientific character, Delambre was universally admired. In private life he displayed the most amiable dispositions.

SOUTH AMERICA AND THE UNITED STATES.

[Blackwood's Magazine for February contains an article upon South America, from which we extract some passages, in which it is considered in connexion with the United States. Our readers will recollect that this journal is an *ultra-tory*, carrying its opinions far beyond those of the present ministry of Great Britain—and being, if possible, more *legitimate* than Lord Castlereagh.]

“If those states which were formerly known by the name—Spanish America, had remained without influence on the general politics of Europe, they would still have presented a most important theme for political discussion; but when they have, unaccountably enough, carried division into the grand European Alliance, and even given rise to rumours of offensive leagues and general war, they supply a question, which, for complexity and gravity, takes precedence of all others, that at present interest the politician.

“Speaking of them, in the first place, with reference to their own interests alone, their revolution has rendered them in effect independent, and this is perhaps all that can be said in its praise. It was capable of yielding the most magnificent benefits, but these have been sacrificed, less by the ignorance, than the cupidity and false principles, of its parents, and its fruits could only have been worse than they have been, had it failed of success altogether.

“New Spain would have formed one or two nations, respectable, tolerably powerful, and full of well-founded hope for the future. The manner in which the world is divided—the extent, power, and ambition of its neighbour, the United States—the past history of nations—every thing to which it had been accustomed—and, in a word, every interest and hope, forbade its dismemberment. The unit was nevertheless split into a multiplicity of fractions. South

America was parcelled out into an infinity of contemptible states, and, by this, its brilliant prospects were destroyed, and the success of its conflict with the mother country was rendered almost as much a matter of regret, as of rejoicing. If any reliance can be placed on history, these states must, from their proximity and various other causes, be generally embroiled in disputes, and ever kept from cordial friendship by jealousy. They must be for ever comparatively powerless even for defence, and it will scarcely ever be possible on any emergency to make them powerful by alliance. They must, therefore, be without weight and influence in the administration of the law of nations, and the maintenance of the proper distribution of dominion—indebted for the preservation of their rights and existence to the jealousies entertained by the leading powers of the world towards each other—the cringing, pliant dependants of these powers—and capable of being at any time involved in strife with each other, and swallowed up in detail, by that Bonapartean system of aggrandizement, to which the republic of North America has had recourse so often. This must be the case if we look at them in the most favourable light possible—if we assume that, contrary to the conduct which all other nations have hitherto pursued, they will never appeal to the sword in their quarrels, and will never thirst for increase of territory at each other's expense. But if we believe that human nature will remain unchanged, and that they will do what other countries have constantly done; then we must believe, that they will be incessantly at open war with each other, until, perhaps, that which has been so unnaturally torn into fragments may again be cemented together by a century of bloodshed.

“But this was not all; the form of government established in these states was precisely that which was the most discordant with the knowledge, habits, and characteristics of the people.

“The British Constitution was happily formed before the making of Constitutions had become a regular trade, even when the name of Constitution was scarcely known, and it was formed by those who merely sought to remove perceptible evils, and to supply what was clearly necessary. It was no imported exotic, but it grew spontaneously out of the British heart, and it grew according to the laws of nature. It was a seed before it became a beautiful and productive tree. The proud, independent, jealous, querulous, stubborn, and dictatorial spirit of the Briton, could only be governed by such a constitution, therefore it sprang into birth;—the incorruptible, generous, moral, honourable, reflective, and intelligent spirit of the Briton could only support it, therefore it flourishes and endures. He who wishes to know how arbitrary forms of government may be changed into free ones—how popular institutions may be rendered benefits, and not evils—in what the food of liberty consists, and how the maximum of liberty may be reached, must unlearn all that he has learned of the present generation of ‘Consti-

tutionalists,' and devote his days and his nights to the history of this present Constitution.

"The Crown, no matter from what motive, fortunately placed the first limit on its authority, and this afforded precedent and analogy for gradually extending the limit afterwards, according to circumstances, in peace and good will. The real rearsers of our Constitution were the wealth and intelligence of the country, to the exclusion of the multitude; and they were guided, not by speculative theories, or the wish to usurp the supreme authority, but by plain common sense, and the visible needs of the nation. They were careful to make that which was meant to be a monarchy, essentially monarchical, and to endow the Sovereign with abundant power for discharging the duties which devolved upon him; and they were anxious to preserve at all times, a government sufficiently strong for all legitimate purposes. It is a remarkable fact, that, although they occasionally wrenched the crown from the monarch in open fight, and either returned it, or gave it to another, on their own terms, when they were smarting from its abuse of power, they still placed no other permanent limitations on this power, than are found to be, in the present day, indispensably necessary for public good."

* * * * *

"Our own Constitution is unquestionably the most stupendous and magnificent monument of human wisdom and ingenuity that the world can boast of. That it is as perfect in its essentials as it can be made, seems to be proved by the fact, that, although half the heads in the country are constantly occupied in endeavours to carry it a step farther, not one of them can hit upon a scheme that wears the features of plausibility. Yet it is impossible to contemplate it without perceiving, that it is calculated for ourselves alone, and that to the mercurial Frenchman, the ignorant and sluggish Spaniard, the profligate Italian, and, perhaps, the enthusiastic and imagination-led German, it would be but an instrument of mischief in the first moment, and of ruin in the second. We must see, that we are only enabled to work it properly by being trained to the art from our infancy, and that if it were now given us entire, in exchange for a despotism to which we had been alone accustomed, we should scarcely draw any thing from it at the outset but calamity, or acquire sufficient skill to manage it as we ought, before we destroyed it by our ignorance. What would this boasted Constitution be if the King were in disposition a tyrant, and the people were ignorant and regardless of matters of government?—if the people were infuriated with false political doctrines, and the House of Commons used its mighty power for purposes of usurpation and oppression? What keeps the 'Three Estates,' distinct and endowed with distinct and often adverse interests, as they are, in general harmony? Assuredly, in a very great degree, their own will. What would our free press be, if it were chiefly in the hands of ignorant, corrupt, immoral, and seditious writers? What would our

trial by jury be, if the jurors were not intelligent and conscientious? What would our House of Commons be, if its members were not chosen by the votes, or influence, of knowing, public-spirited, and honest men? And what would the Ministers, and even the Monarch, be, if this House were chosen by persons of opposite character? Notwithstanding the perfection of our Constitution, it is in itself an inert instrument, as powerful for evil as for good, and it cannot compel those who possess it to use it properly. Our freedom, and the blessings which it yields, must, after all, be found, not in our Constitution, but in our knowledge, wisdom, activity, concord, honour, disinterestedness, morality, and religion. When these depart, freedom must depart with them, and our free institutions, instead of retarding, will only hasten its exit.

“Our Liberals, indeed, stoutly maintain, that the establishment of liberty will immediately produce in the people every thing necessary for its proper use, but they only support the stupid doctrine by those hackneyed declamations which have become loathsome to the ear from their absurdity and horrible consequences. Did our Constitution give us those natural qualities, which it makes its foundation? Could it make the Frenchman and the Spaniard, the Negro and the Russian, the New Zealander and the Esquimaux, to resemble each other in intellect and temperament? Can it even melt the Irishman, the Scotchman, and the Englishman into one race? Freedom will expand the intellect of all, but it will not remove the inequalities which nature has made; it will strengthen, and not change, the temperament which nature has given, and, if we be by nature ‘prone to evil,’ its natural tendency is, to pollute rather than to purify the heart. It removes restraints, places temptations before us, and multiplies our means of indulging in vice and guilt. From the factions which it creates, the competition which it causes for public trusts, the comparative poverty of those who dispose of many of those trusts, the inability of the government to *command* support, and various other causes, it is constantly making the most fearful attacks on public morals, instead of being their parent and protector. In all the free states that have gone before us, freedom, instead of giving birth to, destroyed, public morals, and by this it destroyed itself. If we glance at the history of our Constitution, we find, that for ages it was frequently either inoperative, or at work only for public injury. Now the King was virtually a despot,—then he was the tool and slave of a faction. Now, contending rivals desolated the country with civil war, for the crown, as though no constitution had ever existed; then, a band of nobles trampled upon the throne with one foot, and upon the peasantry with the other, as though their will was the only constitution. Now, the House of Commons was in a state of suspended animation, then it was the cringing lacquey of the crown, and then it seized upon the sovereignty, butchered the sovereign, demolished the Constitution, and rivetted upon the nation the fetters of military despotism. The most revolting atroci-

ties that stain our annals were perpetrated by the instrumentality of the Houses of Parliament, the Peers in their judicial capacity, and Juries—by the institutions which we reverence, and justly too, as the most precious of our national possessions. It was only when that immense class, which exists between the lower orders and the nobility, attained maturity, that the Constitution was put into proper operation in all its parts, and was made the dispenser of liberty and blessings. If it be possible to prove any thing whatever, this must prove that popular institutions will not of themselves create freedom,—that freedom rather militates against, than originates and sustains, that from which it draws its vitality,—and that it is dependent upon the higher mental endowments, and the highest virtues, for birth and longevity.

“Our American Colonies went to war with the mother country from no doctrinal fanaticism; ‘Liberal opinions’ were then unknown, or, at least, had not been condensed into a system to wage war with genuine liberty, and curse mankind. At the commencement, they fought for what they believed to be a right, without thinking of independence, and when at last they determined on having a government of their own, they wished to have one that would be the most suitable for their character and circumstances. They were Englishmen in character and habit; they had been trained to the use and enjoyment of liberty, and they knew nothing else; they were without materials for forming a monarchy, and therefore there was only a republic for them. Those who formed the scheme of government were practical men, anxious to benefit their country, and the structure which they raised contained nothing of moment that was new to the people in practice, while it contained almost every thing to which they had been accustomed. The people, moreover, were unanimous in favour of this form of government, and when they had obtained it, they believed that they possessed the best in the world. It does not fall within the scope of this article to speak of its defects, to examine its operation, and to inquire what it will be when factions shall become so unprincipled and violent in America, as they have so long been in this country.

“What has been said will clearly indicate the path which ought to have been followed in South America, but the directly opposite one was followed. The authors of the South American revolution were *Liberals*, and they commenced it almost wholly, not from pressing national needs, or just quarrel with the parent state, but to practise their political doctrines. This would have been most perilous, even if their creed had been true, rational, and practical; if it had been high Toryism. It was of necessity to distract those with disputes on abstract principles of government who were destitute of political knowledge—it was to make political fanaticism the grand spring of action, and to attempt to obtain freedom by the agency of that which can establish no other government than a tyranny. But the creed of these persons consisted of ‘liberal opinions’—the old farrago respecting the equality of man, and not

the good of man,—the possession of liberty, and the destruction of all that can nurture liberty. Of course, those principles only were inculcated that were the most false and dangerous, and those institutions only were thought of, that were the most unfit, and the most likely to be perishable.

“The condition of South America was exactly the reverse of that of North America, in the contest of the latter for its independence. The most marked inequalities existed in the circumstances of its inhabitants. One class was rich, luxuriant, fond of splendour and magnificence, and, in the highest degree, aristocratic from birth and the degradation of those amongst whom it moved. The remainder of the population, comprehending a very large proportion of the whole, existed in the lowest stages of poverty, servitude, vice, and ignorance—of mental and bodily degradation. The former displayed the inertness of the Spaniard, doubled by the enervating influence of a tropical climate; the latter possessed the sprightly, unreflective, unstable, foppish, sensual, selfish, insincere, dishonest, wild, and passionate temperament of the Indian, Negro, and Creole. It was not possible to amalgamate both into one adhesive body. They had been accustomed only to the rule of an absolute monarch, they knew nothing whatever of practical liberty.”

“It is time now to speak of the questions which agitate Europe respecting these States.

“That Spain should be exceedingly anxious to regain the sovereignty of them, is perfectly rational; and that, if she can reconquer them without assistance, she has a right to do so, is admitted by every one. But that she has a right to hire, or to receive without hire, such assistance from other powers, even though it be only meant to recover for her what she has lost, is strenuously denied. It would be idle to enter into the labyrinth, into which, the discussion of the principle of this denial would lead. England and America have protested against such assistance being furnished, and the idea of furnishing it seems to be entirely abandoned; there is therefore an end of the matter. America could do this safely, for she has neither colonies nor allies, and she seldom puzzles herself with maxims of honesty and consistency in the prosecution of her policy. With us it was a different matter. We have both colonies and allies; we have something to lose in other parts of the world, as well as something to gain in South America. We have by our “*clear principle*” effectually bound ourselves from ever using a ship, or a soldier of an ally, let us be losing what we may in the East Indies and elsewhere. It would, however, no doubt, be against our pecuniary interests of the moment, for South America to be again controlled by the mother country.

“The opinion which has been so widely inculcated, that the leading powers of the continent wish to reunite South America

to Spain in order to stay the contagion of revolutionary principles, is unworthy of belief. These powers had, at least, a very strong interest in putting down the crown-veiled republic that was reared in Spain. Danger commanded, if public law forbade, them. However despotic as governments they may be, they must still be as solicitous for their own existence, as though they were free ones; and it was loudly proclaimed by all the Liberals in the world, as well as believed by themselves, that the existence of the new Spanish government was incompatible with their own. Not merely the principles on which this government was raised, but all the inflamed personal feelings of the ruling party were fiercely opposed, not to the policy, but to the existence of the other European governments; they regarded the subversion of these governments, as a matter alike probable and desirable. They proclaimed the governments of England and France to be tyrannies, as well as those of Austria and Prussia; and no nation and monarch were more abused by their public prints, than England and her king. It was impossible for a government like this, ruling a nation of the second class, and forming a member of the great family of European governments, while almost every state was agitated by powerful factions professing its principles and labouring to accomplish its wishes, to exist, without endangering the existence of other governments. It could not harmonize with them, or avoid provoking their dislike, except by apostacy; it was compelled by self-preservation, as well as principle, to foment their internal disturbances; its professions of non-interference were neutralized by the doctrines which it publicly inculcated, and its personal connexion with the revolutionists of every state; and its physical weakness, as an enemy, was counterpoised by the strength of the revolutionary factions that almost every where existed. But with regard to the states of South America matters are wholly different. Their feebleness, distance from, and want of connexion and influence in Europe, place them, even with regard to doctrines, far below its fears. If the allied sovereigns wish republicanism to receive its death-blow, let them leave the republics of these states to yield their natural fruits, and to destroy themselves.

"It has been said, that the allied sovereigns merely wish for the establishment of some rational, practical, independent government in South America, for the benefit of itself alone. There would be but little to condemn in such a wish, even though it savoured of the impossible."

"Such a scheme, however salutary it might be for the country, however palatable it might be to the people at large, could still only be carried into effect by force, and of course in direct opposition to public law. Not only the Liberals of Europe and the government of the United States, but the powers that be in South America would resist it with all their might, and this would be a sufficient reason for not undertaking it.

“It may be proper here to remark, when so much praise has been lavished by our Whigs upon the protest of the President of the United States against the interference of the Allied Powers with the affairs of South America, that this protest may safely be referred to the lowest of interested motives. It is the manifest interest of the United States, that South America should be divided and governed as it is. If the latter formed but one state, it might easily possess itself of a formidable fleet, a numerous army, and powerful allies, and might become a sturdy equal and a galling curb, as well as a valuable neighbour. But the feeble, jarring republics must be content to remain without fleets, armies, and allies;—they must be content to act the slave when North America pleases to act the bully, and to look on in submissive trembling, when she pleases to aggrandize herself, either to their danger, or at their expense. She will be in the western world, with regard to power, the France, as it was in the days of Bonaparte on land, and the England on the ocean. In exactly the same proportion in which it is the interest of the United States for South America to remain what it is, it is the interest of England that it should not so remain—that it should be consolidated into one, or two, powerful states. Next to South America itself, no country in the world has so great an interest in promoting such consolidation as Great Britain. This violent clashing of interests ought at any rate to make us exceedingly cautious in seconding the views of North America.

“With regard to the future influence of the states of South America on our general interests, they will, no doubt, furnish an extremely beneficial market for our trade. With this we must be satisfied. They will add vigour to the rivalry which exists between us and the United States, revive our fainting jealousies and animosities, and make us almost natural enemies. They will frequently embroil us in disputes and not seldom in war, with that power; for the preservation of their rights from its invasion, and of their territory from its grasp, will, in a great degree, devolve upon us. While they will thus render the duty of guarding our interests more difficult, make the task of maintaining the balance of power more extensive and laborious, and multiply the chances of war and its evil consequences, they will be comparatively worthless as allies and auxiliaries. We must have no alliance with them—we must draw none of the benefits from them that spring from alliance, and still we must act for them towards the United States, as though we were cemented by alliance into one; and we must fight for them, when fighting is the order of the day, as principals, and almost single-handed. We must, moreover, not expect the negative advantage of quarrelling for, and of being assisted by, the whole when we do quarrel for them; but it must be for one at a time, with, not seldom, some of the others opposing us in the business. This must, of course, add to the chances in favour of the frequency of strife, and increase the odds against us when we are engaged in it. Looking at British interests alone, it is painful

in the extreme to think of what South America might have been rendered, and to see what it has been made. As one state, it would have yielded as many present benefits to our trade as it yields in its divided condition. With one rational, stable, efficient government, probability would have been entirely in favour of an increase of this trade; but with the existing hundred cockney, shadowy governments, probability is wholly in favour of its interruption and decrease from internal contentions and changes. As one state, South America would have formed a natural and most valuable ally to Great Britain: it would have enabled us to preserve important national possessions, which we can scarcely preserve without an ally, and for the preservation of which, we must now seek one in vain. Both would have had territory bordering on that of the United States—both would have had a clear interest in guaranteeing the inviolability of each other's territory, and in restraining that power from further aggrandizing itself, and their combined means would have been amply sufficient for the purpose. As it is, in our next contest with the United States for our possessions that lie near them, we must fight alone, and national vanity itself can scarcely hope for a favourable issue.”

* * * * *

What effect have the Liberals already produced in the world?

“The Continental Sovereigns at the peace were unquestionably friendly to the gradual extension of genuine liberty. They gave freedom to France, they gave freedom to Holland; the King of Prussia promised his subjects a constitution, the Emperor of Russia made important ameliorations in the condition of his people, and their words and actions were favourable to the cause of freedom throughout. The Liberals started from their hiding-places, echoed the old dogmas of the French Revolution, and the splendid prospects of mankind vanished. The concession of a single point would have been madness in these sovereigns, when nothing less was demanded, than that, which would have involved themselves and their dominions in ruin. Liberty, not merely practical, but chartered liberty, has therefore been within the reach of a very large portion of the present generation, and it has been banished—to be seen again only by posterity—by the Liberals alone.

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FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

An Inquiry into the Authenticity of various Pictures and Prints, which, from the decease of the Poet to our own times, have been offered to the Public as Portraits of Shakspeare; &c. &c. By James Boaden, Esq. 8vo. London, 1824. Trip-hook.

REGARDING as we do every thing that relates to Shakspeare with the most enthusiastic feelings, and naturally anxious to do

justice to the labours of those who are actuated by a kindred disposition, we beg to call the attention of the public to the little volume now before us. The object Mr. Boaden proposes to himself in this delightful essay, and the advantages he expects to be derived from it, we will leave him to detail in his own words, assuring our readers that a careful and attentive perusal of it will afford them the very highest gratification. After having stated in the preface that he has devoted a period of more than forty years to the study of Shakspeare, and that on occasion of the publication of the "*Ireland Papers*" he had the honour of addressing a letter to his friend the late Mr. Steevens, which led to the detection of the forgery, and which was highly approved of by the critics of the day,—he proceeds thus:

"But I confess, in spite of the recommendation of Jonson, that I sometimes allowed myself to be drawn from his works to their writer: the plays sent me back to the portrait before them, and the portrait seldom failed to return me to a more ardent perusal of the plays; and as my love for his productions induced me to collect the most authentic copies of his works, my fondness for the writer led me to obtain the most accurate resemblances of his countenance. In a series of years I have seen every thing conducive to both these objects, and been so fortunate to obtain all that I myself desired to possess. But as I thought I saw something partial, and therefore deficient, in the account which had been given by others, of the portraits of our poet, I some years ago commenced a very particular examination of the pictures themselves, and of the evidence on which they have claimed to be received as genuine. The result of this inquiry I now presume to lay before the public. It seemed unnecessary to give longer existence to fading impositions, when they were once detected; the spurious portraits have therefore not been engraved on the present occasion; they have been allowed to "come like shadows, so depart." The genuine, by being recalled to a more punctilious examination, have increased their claims to public favour, and have consequently now been engraved with perfect accuracy, and brought together, that in one work may be preserved every thing conducive to reasonable gratification."

And again, in the Introduction:

"Of such a man, therefore, who would not wish to possess an exact resemblance? Accuracy in such a matter is every thing. Our wish must be by the aid of picture to enjoy him in private life; to sit with him in the same room; and while we have before us the inspirations of his mind, to catch the characteristic look of his meditation, or perhaps the smile with which he brightened his familiar circle. Happily I think we do possess satisfaction of this nature. It is the object of these pages to show that in very few cases of a similar kind have we likeness more strongly authenticated. Both the pencil and the graver have perpetuated the features of our poet. It is our duty to convey to distant times the plea-

sure we ourselves enjoy; to relieve them, while we have the means, from the spurious portraits; to establish and extend the true; and thus hand down, along with works that are never to die, the express image of him who composed them."

Mr. Boaden now goes on to produce his evidence; and notwithstanding that the subject is, more strictly speaking, antiquarian than critical, and we might consequently fear that the discussion would prove dry and uninteresting; yet the knowledge he displays is so various, the anecdotes he introduces are so entertaining, and the whole style so polished and refined, that we insensibly become riveted to the book; and when we close it, it is with an ardent wish that we may shortly become better acquainted with an author who can so ably blend instruction with amusement, and who has displayed, in the present instance, so much discrimination, judgment, and good taste. It is proper likewise to add, that the engravings of the five Heads which he alone considers to have any claim to authenticity, are executed by artists of the very first eminence, and beautifully got up; and in justice to them we think it but fair to quote the short summary with which Mr. B. concludes his enumeration of the portraits:

"This series of engravings, therefore, is to be held as containing, in this writer's opinion, every thing that on any authority can be called Shakspeare, and they each of them *alone* possess very strong evidence of authenticity. Droeshout's print is attested by Ben Jonson and by his partners in the theatre. The Stratford monument was erected by his son-in-law, Dr. Hall, and executed probably by Thomas Stanton, who could not but know his person, and probably had some cast to work from. The Chandos picture is traced up to Taylor, the poet's Hamlet, and was no doubt painted by Burbage. The head by Cornelius Jansen is marked by that painter decidedly Shakspeare, and every reasonable presumption assures us that it was painted for Lord Southampton. The head by Marshall seems to have been copied by him from a head by Payne, who reduced that by Droeshout, with some variations in the dress and attitude. What lights these portraits throw upon each other, and thus verify the whole, I have brought most strikingly before the spectator, by showing the heads, as nearly as was practicable, in the same size and in the same direction. I feel them to be executed in a manner which has not often been equalled, and will never, I believe, be surpassed. The expense has of course been great, but the publisher would withhold nothing where the perfect exhibition of Shakspeare was the object. I have thus contributed my effort to make our great and amiable poet's person more accurately known among us. Every man whom his wit has exhilarated, his wisdom guided, his passion purified, may look with delight and thankfulness in the countenance of his master and his friend, and find the reflections of his nature residing there in mild and unforced, in clear and unquestionable intelligence."

FROM THE SAME.

ON THE ART OF SINGING.*

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—The inspiring effect of a voice of uncommon power, or the grand impressions of combined professional talent which the musical Institutions of our days so richly afford, must be admired by every man of taste. Still many must agree with me in thinking Music still more delightful when it enlivens a friendly circle, or exerts its influence in solacing the cares of an aged parent or of a wearied husband. Further, I think I may venture to say, that a simple ballad or *Romance*, sung with truth and feeling, touches more the heart, and certainly fatigues less the attention, than the most brilliant and elaborate *bravura*. Those who entertain such opinions must regret with me to observe, that as fast as singing has improved on the Stage, it has declined amongst amateurs. The reappearance of this admirable singer, Madame Catalani, has recalled to my mind that it was when she first appeared, some years back, that the mania for ultra-singing seized our songstresses, to the utter contempt of every sublunary consideration and of euphony, and to the torture of all fathers, brothers, and friends, condemned to listen, and gifted with ears. The best voices have been frittered away in performing *volatas*, or violin passages, or in attempting to reach notes beyond the compass of the voice. In this manner many have attained falsetto notes,* but have lost their middle or lower notes, which must, alas, remain for ever *sous entendu*. They have climbed to the top of the ladder, but cannot get down again.

I will now attempt to prove that these effects are founded on physiological grounds, as it will establish the bad tendency of all injudicious efforts in singing. The opening of the glottis,† upon which the formation of the notes principally depends, is only ten lines long and two broad; and Dodart has computed that a variation in the size of this opening of the 54th part of the thread of a silk worm, or of the 354th part of a human hair, must produce a change in the intonation. Any unusual exertion of a muscle produces tremor and weakness; this must also occur to those of the glottis, which are both complicate and delicate. The birds, whose voices are so acute, are endowed with a double glottis; and the opening is very small, except in that of the peacock, which is com-

* The Italians divide the voice into *voce di petto*, the pectoral or natural voice; and the *voce di testa*, or head voice. We see men of great musical skill, as professors, only possessing the last, in which the palatine, and, above all, the nasal cavities, come in for a great share. These persons are like painters who can sketch, but who cannot embody their sketching with colour.

† The glottis has been compared to the beak of a clarinet, and the wind-pipe to the body of that instrument. It has ligaments stretched across, which thrill in the expired air, and are capable of being relaxed or tightened, and produce accordingly low or acute sounds.

paratively large on account of the depth of its voice. Every part of the human frame acknowledges the empire of habits, therefore the habitual straining after high notes will contract the glottis, and the lower notes will be with difficulty performed, or become altogether mute, whilst those acquired are beyond the natural range of the voice, that is to say, *falsetto notes*. Lastly, too violent an exertion of the voice will exhaust the nervous influence; and thus we see it recorded of Caius Gracchus, that he lost his voice suddenly in the vehemence of an harangue, and only recovered it by his slave striking a pipe to give him the proper pitch.

None, therefore, should abandon their natural range of voice but with great caution, or unless gifted with uncommon powers; as they will lose those notes they already possess, to attain others that must be incorrect, and always betray effort. Those who, like our great public singers, have an extraordinary extent of voice, have throats of peculiar construction, and the play of their muscles is often unpleasant to observe. The human frame admits of wonderful improvement, but it must be attained, as Tasso has it, "*rapido sì, ma rapido con legge*;" and we must above all remember the admonition of another poet,

"Tell qui brille au second rang, s'eclipse au premier."

Nothing would now remain for me to do but to subscribe my name, had not your fair readers already recognised me as a tasteless Goth; I therefore remain, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

AN ADMIRER OF SIMPLE MELODY.

MAGNETISM.

A VERY curious fact connected with this science was elicited by Mr. Partington whilst preparing the apparatus for a lecture on magnetism in the Russel Institution on Monday last. The following verbatim report from Mr. P.'s lecture will best explain the circumstances under which it occurred:

"Whilst making the necessary arrangements for this evening's lecture, I witnessed a very singular fact. A lady, who is now in the lecture-room, having brought her hand nearly in contact with the magnetized needle, it was observed that the bar was attracted. Although somewhat surprised at the singularity of the circumstance, I yet ascribed it either to the attraction of gravitation, or else to a disturbance of the electrical equilibrium, and accordingly repeated the experiment. The result was, that an attractive or repulsive force was observed alternately, upon presenting the thumb or finger of the same hand.

"I shall not attempt to theorize upon so singular a circumstance,

which appears to place beyond a possibility of contradiction the assertion of Mesmur, that *the human body possesses polarity*; and should this be conceded, the professors of *animal magnetism* may be entitled to more respect than they have hitherto received from the scientific world."

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

LITERARY FUND SOCIETY.

ON Wednesday the annual elections for this humane and benevolent Institution took place at a General Meeting, where its indefatigable friend and intelligent Vice President, Sir B. Hobhouse, was in the chair. The only new names introduced, in consequence of two vacancies in the vice-presidency, were those of Viscount Dudley and Ward, (whose late father was a distinguished patron of the Society) and the Right Hon. George Canning, who, as we have remarked elsewhere in this sheet, appears to be, by his countenance of literature, restoring it to those brilliant days when the highest ranks and the most eminent politicians were associated with the learning and genius of the time. In this he is however only following the example of his Royal Master; and we humbly take leave to express our hope, that many others of his Popular Ministry will soon be seen prominently emulous in the same ennobling career, so well becoming a government at all periods, and especially at a period of peace and prosperity. Let them but remember that the name of Mæcenas will live as long as that of Augustus.

To the Council of the Society, the respectable names of John Caley and Alexander Chalmers, Esqrs. and Dr. Anderson (its late Registrar) were added: while James Christie, Esq. one of the staunchest supporters of the Charity, was elected Registrar. Upon the improved list of the General Committee, W. Mudford and C. Orme, Esqrs. were placed; and the proceedings of the day concluded to the great satisfaction of the friends of the fund.

Several communications were afterwards made to the Committee (which met to consider cases and relieve the distressed); and among these, some of stewards, benefactors, &c. &c. which bid fair to render the anniversary dinner in May one of the most interesting, from the character of its leading visitors, and one of the most productive, from the gifts of its liberal contributors, that ever the Society experienced. Indeed the good done by it need only be known to make it what it ought, from its objects, to be, one of the best supported charities in Britain.

FROM THE SAME.

DR. HIBBERT'S PHILOSOPHY OF APPARITIONS.

[A late number of the *Literary Gazette* noticed some of the principles on which Dr. Hibbert endeavours to account for spectral phantasma, &c. Omitting this part, we subjoin some of his particular cases.]

One of the best authenticated ghost stories in circulation is given in Beaumont's *World of Spirits*—it is thus stated and commented on by Dr H.:

* * * "It is dated in the year 1662, and it relates to an apparition seen by the daughter of Sir Charles Lee, immediately preceding her death. No reasonable doubt can be placed on the authenticity of the narrative, as it was drawn up by the Bishop of Gloucester, from the recital of the young lady's father.

"Sir Charles Lee, by his first lady, had only one daughter, of which she died in child birth; and when she was dead, her sister, the Lady Everard, desired to have the education of the child, and she was by her very well educated, till she was marriageable, and a match was concluded for her with Sir William Perkins, but was then prevented in an extraordinary manner. Upon a Thursday night, she, thinking she saw a light in her chamber after she was in bed, knocked for her maid, who presently came to her; and she asked, 'why she left a candle burning in her chamber?' The maid said, she 'left none, and there was none but what she had brought with her at that time;' then she said it was the fire, but that, her maid told her, was quite out; and said she believed it was only a dream; whereupon she said, it might be so, and composed herself again to sleep. But about two of the clock she was awakened again, and saw the apparition of a little woman between her curtain and her pillow, who told her she was her mother, that she was happy, and that by twelve of the clock that day she should be with her. Whereupon she knocked again for her maid, called for her clothes, and when she was dressed, went into her closet, and came not out again till nine, and then brought out with her a letter sealed to her father; brought it to her aunt, the Lady Everard, told her what had happened, and declared, that as soon as she was dead, it might be sent to him. The lady thought she was suddenly fallen mad, and thereupon sent presently away to Chelmsford for a physician and surgeon, who both came immediately; but the physician could discern no indication of what the lady imagined, or of any indisposition of her body; notwithstanding the lady would needs have her let blood, which was done accordingly. And when the young woman had patiently let them do what they would with her, she desired that the chaplain might be called to read prayers; and when prayers were ended, she took her guitar and psalm book, and sat down upon a chair without arms, and played and sung so melodiously and admirably, that her music-master, who was then there.

admired at it. And near the stroke of twelve, she rose and sat herself down in a great chair with arms, and presently fetching a strong breathing or two, immediately expired, and was so suddenly cold, as was much wondered at by the physician and surgeon. She died at Waltham, in Essex, three miles from Chelmsford, and the letter was sent to Sir Charles, at his house in Warwickshire; but he was so afflicted with the death of his daughter, that he came not till she was buried; but when he came, he caused her to be taken up, and to be buried with her mother at Edmonton, as she desired in her letter.'

"This is one of the most interesting ghost-stories on record. Yet, when strictly examined, the manner in which a leading circumstance in the case is reported, affects but too much the supernatural air imparted to other of its incidents. For whatever might have been averred by a physician of the *olden time*, with regard to the young lady's sound state of health during the period she saw her mother's ghost, it may be asked,—If any practitioner at the present day would have been proud of such an opinion, especially when death followed so promptly after the spectral impression?

'There's bloom upon her cheek;
But now I see it is no living hue,
But a strange hectic—like the unnatural red
Which autumn plants upon the perish'd leaf.'

"Probably, the languishing female herself might have unintentionally contributed to the more strict verification of the ghost's prediction. It was an extraordinary exertion which her tender frame underwent, near the expected hour of its dissolution, in order that she might retire from all her scenes of earthly enjoyment, with the dignity of a resigned Christian. And what subject can be conceived more worthy the masterly skill of the painter, than to depict a young and lovely saint, cheered with the bright prospect of futurity before her, and, ere the quivering flame of life, which, for the moment, was kindled up into a glow of holy ardour, had expired for ever, sweeping the strings of the guitar with her trembling fingers, and melodiously accompanying the notes with her voice, in a hymn of praise to her heavenly Maker? Entranced with such a sight, the philosopher himself would dismiss for the time his usual cold and cavelling scepticism, and, giving way to the superstitious impressions of less deliberating by-standers, partake with them in the most grateful of religious solaces, which the spectacle must have irresistibly inspired.

"Regarding the confirmation, which the ghost's mission is, in the same narrative, supposed to have received from the completion of a foreboded death,—all that can be said of it is, that the coincidence was a *fortunate one*; for, without it, the story would, probably, never have met with a recorder, and we should have lost one of the sweetest anecdotes that private life has ever afforded. But, on the other hand, a majority of popular ghost-stories might be adduced, wherein apparitions have either visited our world, without

any ostensible purpose and errand whatever, or, in the circumstances of their mission, have exhibited all the inconsistency of conduct so well exposed in the quotation, which I have given from Grose, respecting departed spirits. 'Seldom as it may happen,' says Nicolai, in the memoir which he read to the Royal Society of Berlin, on the appearance of spectres occasioned by disease, 'that persons believe they see human forms, yet examples of the case are not wanting. A respectable member of this academy, distinguished by his merit in the science of botany, whose truth and credibility are unexceptionable, once saw in this very room in which we are now assembled, the phantasm of the late president Maupertuis.' But it appears that this ghost was seen by a philosopher, and, consequently, no attempt was made to connect it with superstitious speculations. The uncertainty, however, of ghostly predictions is not unaptly illustrated in the Table-Talk of Johnson. 'An acquaintance,' remarks Boswell, 'on whose veracity I can depend, told me, that walking home one evening at Kilmarnock, he heard himself called from a wood, by the voice of a brother who had gone to America; and the next packet brought an account of that brother's death. Macbean asserted, that this inexplicable *calling* was a thing very well known. Dr. Johnson said, that one day at Oxford, as he was turning the key of his chamber, he heard his mother distinctly calling *Sam*. She was then at Litchfield; but *nothing ensued*.' This casual admission, which, in the course of conversation, transpired from a man, *himself* strongly tainted with superstition, precludes any farther remarks on the alleged nature and errands of ghosts, which would now, indeed, be highly superfluous. 'A lady once asked me,' says Mr. Coleridge, 'if I believed in ghosts and apparitions? I answered with truth and simplicity: *No, Madam! I have seen far too many myself*.'"

Upon the miscellaneous laws of the mind (if we may so term the subordinate causes of spectral illusions,) Dr. H. dwells with successful ratiocination—

"An apparition (he says) is, in a strict sense, a past feeling, renovated with a degree of vividness, equalling, or exceeding, an actual impression. If the renewed feeling should be one of vision, a form may arise perfectly complete; if of sound, a distinct conversation may be heard; or, if of touch, the impression may be no less complete. The question then is, What illusions occur when there are no morbid causes of excitement operating?

"In this case, no other mental impressions of a spectral nature are experienced, than such as may be corrected by a slight examination of the natural objects to which they owe their origin. Illusions of sound are such as have been described after the following manner by Mr. Coleridge:—'When we are broad awake,' says this writer, 'if we are in anxious expectation, how often will not the most confused sounds of nature be heard by us as articulate sounds? For instance, the babbling of a brook will appear for a moment the voice of a friend for whom we are waiting, calling out

our names.' * * * The leading features of some images of the mind, which, if present, would, from moral causes, create emotion, are traced in such outlines of light and shade, as in part compose the figures that are actually impressing the visual organs. * * *

"Another cursory remark which I have to make is, that in any train of sensations and ideas, the more any particular feelings are vivified by an occasion calculated to inspire hope or fear, the less vivid are all other feelings rendered which occur in the same train of feelings. But, it is impossible for me to enter into a full explanation of this important law which modifies all our natural emotions. I shall, therefore, remark, that it is alluded to after the following manner by Dr. Brown; though I ought to premise, that he uses the word *perception*, where others would use the term *sensation*, and *conception* where an idea or renovated feeling is evidently meant. His observations are to this effect:—"The phantasms of imagination in the reveries of our waking hours, when our external senses are still open, and quick to feel, are, as mere conceptions, far less vivid than the primary perceptions from which they originally flowed: and yet, under the influence of any strong emotion, they become so much more bright and prominent than external things, that to the impassioned muser on distant scenes and persons, the scenes and persons truly around him are almost as if they were not existence."

"But I know of no better illustration that can be given of this law of our nature, than in a quotation from the *Œdipus* of Lee and Dryden:

When the sun sets, shadows that show'd at noon
But small, appear most long and terrible;
So when we think fate hovers o'er our heads,
Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds:
Owls, ravens, crickets, seem the watch of death;
Nature's worst vermin scare her god-like sons;
Echoes the very leavings of a voice,
Grow babbling ghosts, and call us to our graves.
Each mole-hill thought swells to a huge Olympus;
While we fantastic dreamers heave and puff,
And sweat with an imagination's weight.

"This, then, is the effect of fear—to reduce the vividness of all feelings, that are not connected with the occasion which gave birth to the emotion. And thus it is, that in each train of thought, while every idea connected with a particular occasion of hope or fear, becomes subject to a strong excitement, all other feelings which bear no reference to the occasion become proportionally faint. By this means, the illusion must be increased. How well is this fact illustrated in the emotions which are excited, when, through the medium of the retina, an idea is intensely renovated upon the faded outlines of such forms as have been induced by the partial gleams of light which diversify woods, rocks, or clouds! In proportion as hope, or superstitious awe, impart an undue degree of vividness to the spectral outline which may thus be traced,

all other parts of the natural objects which have given rise to the phantasm grow proportionally dim. The spectre then acquires an undue prominence in the imagination, and appears to start from the familiar objects of which it merely forms a portion."

Proceeding to a more historical view of ghosts and apparitions, the following statements will be found curious and entertaining:

"The opinions relative to apparitions which may be found in Jewish traditions, proceed upon the doctrine subsequently entertained by Christians, that the spirits of the dead were souls that had obtained a sort of temporary respite from the pains of purgatory, to which they had become subject after death. It was even supposed that the righteous were conducted through hell, that they might be completely purified in the fiery river Dinnur, before they could ascend into paradise. In conformity with this opinion, several ghost-stories are recorded by the Jews, relative to the conversations the living had with the dead; of these, is the dialogue which took place with Turnis Rufus and the ghost of his father, and that of the Rabbi Akkiva with an individual who was condemned after death to carry wood for fuel to the fire of hell. A third narrative, *farinæ ejusdem*, I shall give at length on account of the precept that the fable is intended to convey.

"There happened something remarkable in the holy community at Worms. It fell out that a Jew, whose name was Ponim, an ancient man, whose business was altogether about the dead, coming to the door of the school, saw one standing there who had a garland on his head. Then was Rabbi Ponim afraid, imagining it was a spirit. Whereupon he whom the Rabbi saw called to him, saying, 'Be not afraid, but pass forward: Dost not thou know me?' Then said Rabbi Ponim, 'Art not thou he whom I buried yesterday?' And he was answered, 'Yea, I am he.' Upon which Rabbi Ponim said, 'Why comest thou hither? How fareth it with thee in the other world?' And the apparition made answer, 'It goeth well with me, and I am in high esteem in paradise.' Then said the Rabbi, 'Thou wert but looked upon in the world as an insignificant Jew. What good work didst thou that thou art esteemed?' The apparition answered, 'I will tell thee: The reason of the esteem I am in is, that I rose every morning early, and with fervency uttered my prayer, and offered the grace from the bottom of my heart; for which reason I now pronounce grace in Paradise, and am well respected. If thou doubtst whether I am the person, I will show thee a token that shall convince thee of it. Yesterday, when thou didst clothe me in my funeral attire, thou didst tear my sleeve.' Then asked Rabbi Ponim, 'What is the meaning of that garland?' The apparition answered, 'I wear it to the end the wind of the world may not have power over me; for it consists of excellent herbs of paradise.' Then did Rabbi Ponim mend the sleeve of the deceased; for the deceased had said, that if it was not mended, he should be ashamed to be seen among others whose apparel was whole. And then the apparition vanished.

'Wherefore let every one utter his prayer with fervency, for then it will go well with him in the other world: and let care be taken, that no rent or tearing be left in the apparel in which the dead are interred.'

"The early Popish church has favoured the world with numerous stories of apparitions, the subject of which is generally connected with the doctrine of Purgatory. I shall give Reginald Scott's abstract of one of these narratives, which was taken, he assures us, 'out of the rosarie of our ladie, in which booke do remaine (besides this) ninetie and eight examples to this effect, which are of such authoritie in the church of Rome, that all scripture must give place unto them.

"A certeine hangman passing by the image of our ladie, saluted hir, commending himself to hir protection. Afterwards, while he praied before hir, he was called awaie to hang an offender; but his enemies intercepted him, and slew him by the waie. And, lo! a certeine holie preest, which nightlie walked about everie church in the citie, rose up that night, and was going to his ladie, I should saie to our ladie church. And in the church-yard he saw a great manie dead men, and some of them he knew, of whom he asked what the matter was, and who answered, that the hangman was slaine, and the divell challenged his soule, the which our ladie said was hers: and the judge was even at hand, coming thither to heare the cause, and therefore (said they) we are now come together. The preest thought he would be at the hearing hereof, and hid himself behind a tree, and anon he saw the judicial seat readie prepared and furnished, where the judge, to wit, Jesus Christ, sate, who tooke up his mother unto him. Soon after the divels brought in the hangman pinioned, and proved by good evidence that his soule belonged them. On the other side, our ladie pleaded for the hangman, proving that he, at the houre of death, commended his soule to hir. The judge hearing the matter so well debated on either side, but willing to obeie (for these are his words) his mother's desire, and loath to do the divels anie wrong, gave sentence, that the hangman's soule should return to his bodie, until he had made sufficient satisfaction; ordeiring that the Pope should set foorth a publike forme of praier for the hangman's soule. It was demanded, who should do the errand to the Pope's holiness. Marie, quoth our ladie, that shall yonder preest that lurketh behind the tree. The preest being called foorth, and enjoined to make relation hereof, and to desire the Pope to take the paines to doo according to this decree, asked by what token he should be directed. Then was delivered unto him a rose of such beautie, as when the Pope saw it, he knew his message was true.'

"By the Protestants, numerous opinions were held on the subject of apparitions, which even exceeded in absurdity the superstitious notions of the church they so zealously opposed."

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

[From a MS. Poem.]

MYTHINKS I see upon some desert coast,
 To Mercy's succouring arm for ever lost,
 The shipwrecked mariner: with anxious mind
 He rears his lonely signal to the wind
 In vain; each distant cloud appears a sail,
 And Doubt succeeds to Hope, and Fears prevail.
 Though comes no vessel from the ocean roar,
 With snowy wings, and wave-dividing prore;
 Though cliffs impend around by foot untrod,
 Except his own, the sea-bird's wild abode;
 Still will he trust some friendly arm is near,
 That fate is yet impartial, though severe!

The lowering shades of Darkness are at hand,
 Sweep from the ocean, and pervade the land,
 While he, from ruffian Night's regardless shock,
 Seeks for repose some crevice of the rock;
 Slowly pass o'er the stern and starry hours,
 With dirgeful winds, and melancholy showers,
 Till daylight's beacon shines, and morn again
 Outspreads her crimson mantle o'er the main.
 In twilight shades he hastens to the shore,
 Up rolls the sun, but Hope returns no more,
 With clouds of gloom his sky is overcast,
 And all that earth could offer him is past!

Silent and motionless he views the sun
 Sink in the west,—another day is done.
 Where mingle sea and sky, a spot appears
 To kindle hope, and mitigate his fears;
 Alas! 'tis but the cloud, which, melting there,
 Disperses the glow it raised, and deepens care;
 Nor sound nor sign of being is around,
 Save cormorant, that breasts the blue profound,
 Or albatross, that, from the cliff on high,
 Expands his giant wings to sail the sky.
 Long, sad and long, the listless moments roll;
 Despair usurps the empire of the soul,
 And, as he gazes o'er that dreary space,
 The spectre famine stares him in the face.
 The nightfall glooms, his fitful visions roam
 To cherished scenes, and circle round his home;
 While starts the rapturous tear he cannot check,
 While sobs his wife, and clings about his neck,
 While press his little ones to share his kiss,
 And Friendship deals around ecstatic bliss.—
 He wakes, but ah! how different is the scene,
 These may return, but death must intervene!
 His glassy eye divines his coming end,
 Approaching fate his sunken looks portend,
 Then, with convulsive shake, he lifts his head,
 Drops his cold hand, and sinks among the dead.

In care sequestered haunts, to Joy unknown,
 Where if weeds spring not, flowers are never strewn,
 Lo! buried in the solitary cell,
 Where sighs and tears with Superstition dwell,
 The lonely Vestal ponders on her deeds,
 Breathes o'er her orisons, and tells her beads,
 Forces Youth's rose of beauty to decay,
 And, pensive, weeps a tedious life away;

She, who with soft seraphic hand might bind
The wounds of Fate, and ornament her kind,
Might with the tender heart, the useful life,
Cheer in the friend, enamour in the wife,
Sooth, with condolences sweet, the pangs of wo,
And raise the torch of Mercy here below!

Yes! did connubial thoughts that bosom warm,
That breast of tenderness a partner charm,
Her haleyon smile might rescue from alloy,
Calm every grief, and heighten every joy,
Or, when the infant darling of her care,
Pledge of her love, sat smiling by her chair,
Her throbbing breast a mother's joy might find,
To scan the opening beauties of the mind,
—A mind which truth, which tenderness inspires,
Mild like her own, and generous like its sire's,
To lead the little cherub's thoughts on high,
And train them in the paths of piety!—
How dismal is her view, how dark her span,
How false to Nature, and how lost to Man!

Oh Wisdom, weep! lament the scene of wo—
And let the tear of mild compassion flow
For talents lost, for judgment thrown away,
For beauty buried from the eye of day!

Hark! whence awoke, 'mid walls of mouldering stone,
The harbinger of wo, that mournful groan?
Deep from yon grated arch the sound arose,
And oft it issues thence, at evening close,
When, sick with hope deferred, or worn with pain,
The prisoner courts his lowly couch again;
Full of his grief, it soothes him to believe
He has on earth a day the less to grieve,
The vault slow-fading from his vision dies,
The soother Sleep returns, and dreams arise.

Now on the mountain side, while skies are blue,
Plains, woods, and lakes expanding on the view,
He seems to stand; the scene around is fair,
Brilliant the sun, and soft the summer air.
Far o'er the regions of the billowy green,
Receding coasts and azure hills are seen;
Within the vale, beneath the beechen shade,
He scans his home, and sweet paternal glade;
The wall-flower decks the roof, around the eaves
The jasmine twines, the bird sings in its leaves;
On daisied sward his children are reclined,
Their auburn tresses waving in the wind,
No melancholy thoughts their minds employ,
Unconscious of their loss, and wed to joy,
While, pensive by the door, his eye surveys
His pale, but lovely wife—the blest of other days!

For years that prisoner's foot hath never trod,
Except in thought, blue summer's verdant sod;
Though still on earth, an alien to his kind,
Feeble in frame, and desolate of mind,
His years lag on, unvarying and unblest,
Dark, void, without the consciousness of rest;
Yet when the sunbeams, in their crimson fall,
At morn's first starless hour, upon his wall,
Gilding the trickling dew-damp of his cell,
Brightening a scene where sighs for ever dwell,
Oh, then his tardy steps can ne'er refrain,
Although solicitude may pine in vain,

To seek yon lattice, where the rust-red grate,
 Frowning in strength, reminds him of his fate ;
 Then on the long known fields he casts his eye,
 The dark-brown woods, and cloud embattled sky,
 And on the sloping distant hills, whose green
 In happier times his resting place had been,
 He hears, with mellow music, from the thorn
 The freckled lark salute the blaze of morn :
 Now on the ear the torrent's dash is hurl'd
 Fitful, like echoings from another world ;
 And now, with hollower gust, the morning breeze
 Sweeps through the clouds, and sings amid the trees.
 Then, then the dream of youth and yore returns ;
 Wrapt in the mournful thoughts, his bosom burns,
 And scenes, in hopeless absence, doubly dear,
 Are traced in thought, and usher'd with a tear !

Ask of the maid, who in the cloister's gloom
 Repines, the living inmate of a tomb ;
 By force or phrenzy severed from her kind,
 Yet panting for the joys she left behind—
 Ask of the mariner, whom storms have toss'd
 On solitary rock, or desert coast,—
 Ask of the prisoner, who, in dungeon dank,
 Hears but his groans resound, his fetters clank,
 Without one generous heart, or pitying eye,
 To share his griefs, or sooth his agony—
 Ask it of these—'tis they who best can know
 If Friendship be not sweet, if Solitude be so !

Yet, spurning at its woes, the immortal Mind,
 With quenchless ardour, burning for its kind,
 Even in the lonesome, solitary cell,
 Where Hope, the scraph, hesitates to dwell,
 Pregnant with zeal, hath labour'd to allay
 The wrongs of man, and banish care away,
 Soared, upward soar'd, like Ammon's bird, elate,
 Dispell'd the darkness that involves our fate,
 Burst through the giant bonds, the envious shade,
 That ignorance had framed, or error made,
 And thence disclosed, when earth-born toils are o'er
 A renovated life, that fades no more,
 An arm outstretch'd the sinking good to save,
 And Victory's halo beaming o'er the grave !

Yes Socrates, this wondrous lot was thine,
 Thy life was matchless, and thy death divine ;
 'Twas dark around thee, but thou wert the light
 That banish'd prejudice, and scatter'd night ;
 By friends forsaken, and begirt with foes,
 Thy spirit these forgave, and pitied those,
 Left earth in peace, and, ere it soar'd to Heaven,
 Pray'd that in mercy both might be forgiven.

Nor, Raleigh, should thy name, to silence wed,
 Oblivious sink among the ignoble dead,
 Who, when Columbian regions were explored,
 And shrunk Iberia trembled at thy sword,
 Shut from a world, served but, alas ! too well,
 To pine away thy manhood in the cell,
 Toil'd through the sunless day, and wakeful night,
 By the dim taper's melancholy light,
 To add a lustre to the thankless age,
 Which gains redoubled splendour from thy page :
 'Twas thine, O potent spirit, to unfold
 The mines of thought, more precious far than gold ;

Unchill'd by apathy, thou did'st explore
The loneliest regions of historic lore;
Pierced through the gloom that shades the urn of time;
Amass'd the treasured deeds of every clime;
And to a world, ungenerous and unkind,
Left an immortal legacy behind!

Thus do the sandal boughs that, spreading, yield
A shade for bees to hum, and birds to build,
In vain resist; in bloom ordain'd to feel
The spareless fury of the woodman's steel;
But still, as if forgivingly, they shed
A fragrant perfume round the spoiler's head!

[*Blackwood's Mag.*]

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. TO FRANCIS JEFFREY, ESQ.

On the Westminster Review, &c.

DEAR SIR,—I compassionate the feeling with which you must have perused the first Number of this long promised and loudly-trumpeted periodical. In its publication you cannot have failed to perceive the last and infallible symptom. The Quarterly came first—a violent wound—external, and dealt from a distance; then came Blackwood, a close home-thrust—you might bandage it up, and smile, and smile; but you felt what was within, and trembled inly—last of all comes this fearful, this fatal, this consummating Westminster Review—here is neither the gun-shot wound nor the dagger thrust—here is *disease*—here is the plague-spot—here is the putrefaction *from* within—here is the rottenness for which there can be neither cure nor hope. This is the last of your “three sufficient warnings.”

See, now, to what all your fine theories have come! Behold, now, the upshot of your elegant quibblings, your sarcastic whisperings, your graceful cunning innuendoes, your skilful balancings, your most exquisite trimmings: See what is come of your beautiful hesitations, your fine scruples, your pretty pauses, your politic periphrases, your play, your by-play, your double play. Admirable rope-dancer! are you clean thrown at last? Noble jockey! will the stubborn steed bend his neck never again to be patted by your condescending, conciliating hand? Splendid aeronaut! is there never a parachute in reserve? Is the wax clean melted; O Icarus, and does thy last quill quiver?

So much for exordium and euphonia! now to business in the old plain style.

Your cause, my man,—the cause of the literary partizans of Whiggery, is utterly gone at last. For twenty years your game has been to conciliate the rabble of Jacobinism, Radicalism, Liberalism, (no matter about a little chopping and changing of names,) in order that, backed by the vulgar outcry, if not the vulgar force, your party might be enabled to supplant the Tory ministry, and

to distribute among you and their other dependants, the loaves and fishes of Great Britain. This has been your perpetual object; your career has had no meaning but this. In the prosecution of this scheme your difficulties have been considerable, and you have not always got out of the difficulties so well as might have been wished. You have been induced to say things which required to be unsaid—to insinuate what you were obliged to disavow—you have shamefully paltered in a double sense, and not seldom you have been detected.

But not until now could you have completely brought home to your own bosom, the utter and entire, and irremediable failure of **ALL YOUR SCHEMES**. In spite of occasional suspicion, visible and audible—in spite of many little checks and stumblings—in spite of Carlile—in spite of Hone—in spite of Cobbett himself—you might still preserve some faint hope that your objects might, some day or other, come to be forwarded by the alliance of those whom your understanding always despised, whom your lords and masters found it convenient you should flatter, and whom you and your superiors must now be contented to unite in fearing. Your tricks have all been exposed, Mr. Jeffrey: not by your old enemies the Tories—God knows, they exposed them often enough, but they did not, could not, expose them among the radicals; they could not stoop to that work: but by the radicals themselves. They have taken up the tone which was that of your most bitter enemies—and which is so still—though the enemies have been changed; for as to us, the Tories, being your enemies *now*, you may depend on it, that is entirely out of the question. We should as soon think of warring with women, or hating the dead.

The exposé is complete.—You and your coadjutors have for a score of years sneered at what you durst not openly revile—you have for a score of years hinted what you durst not put in plain words—and all this to please a set of people who now take the affair quite into their own hands, and not contented with that, sneer at you, yes, at you and all your clan, more bitterly than ever you dared to sneer at any thing; revile your whole manœuvres more scornfully than ever you dared to revile any thing; and speaking smack out without periphrasis or equivocation, every thing that ever you dared to utter the smallest hint of, tell you as plainly as words can do, that they saw through you all the while, and allowed you to go on, not from the most distant notion that you ever wished to do the least good to them, but in the most sincere conviction, belief, knowledge, that your own doings would in the upshot emasculate, destroy, and nullify yourself and your whole set, and thereby serve them and their cause, far more effectually than any thing that could possibly be done or devised for your destruction by others. This then is the finale of your cowardly conciliatory concerto. You gave them inch after inch, and now they at last tell you that nothing but the ell will do for them—that they *will* have the ell—and that when they have it, you, of all the people in the

world, are the very last to whom they in their turn would give so much as a hairsbreadth. Your reflections must be sweet.

The plain tale of these gentry has put you down with a vengeance. You have been going on snuffling and whispering about "liberal opinions," the "increased light of the time," "discussion," "march of ideas," and God only knows what stuff besides of the same sort. In another department, (if indeed it can be called another one,) you have been cracking your little cunning jokes against "church," "tithes," "bishops," even down to Dr. Parr's wig, and the "huge amorphous hats" of doctors of divinity—to say nothing about some still slyer touches of a truly detestable nature—sly and cunning, and ingeniously wrapped up, but still smelt, Mr. Jeffrey, and sometimes exposed too, as ye may perhaps remember. You have also been from time to time trumpeting up American constitutions, forsooth, American laws, American presidents, and what not; and you have also indulged in occasional wipes at your own king; both at him that was, and at him that now is. I mean personal wipes at the King, not at his ministers and their proceedings. All along this sort of cant has been muttered by you and your gentlemen between your teeth—you have been saying these things in a sort of perpetual (*aside*)—while the sentences you were delivering *aperto ore*, and *in facie theatri*, were garnished with beautiful high-sounding words of "loyalty," "constitutional monarchy of England," "our holy religion," "our venerable establishments in church and state," the "*practical blessings* of our polity, as it is," the "superiority of England" over all other countries, and tribes, and kindreds, and tongues, &c. &c. At one time you went so far as to attack the Methodists distinctly and expressly on the ground of their being like enough to play over again the part of the old Puritans, and "overturn," these are your own words, "the constitution in church and state;" or, as you word it in another paragraph, "the throne and the altar." Often and often have you in your upper key abused the "madness," the "folly," the "visionary trash" of the radical reformers—a hundred and a hundred times over have you thus played hot and cold.—We saw through you all the while, and we told you so; but you chose not to be warned by that, for you thought that you were still gulling your own *brutum vulgus*. You can now no longer lay that flattering unction to your soul.

The radical party, sir, have long had in Cobbett, a man a thousand miles above you in native vigour of mind, and no more to be compared with you as a writer of the English tongue, than the war-horse of Napoleon was to be compared to old Chiaramonti's pet ambling mule. You, in jealousy, or rather in fear, tried to destroy Cobbett—but Cobbett laughed, as he well might, at any thing you could do, rattling with your little auctioneer's penny-hammer, (which you mistook for a warrior's mace,) upon his steel coat and cuisses. You did nothing; and he did all himself—he destroyed himself—it is no time to tell how here—but he destroyed himself.

And it was only his having done this that prevented HIM from destroying you also. The radical party have also had for a long time Jeremy Bentham, a man immeasurably superior in his single intellect certainly, to you and all your divan put together. But Jeremy's absurd peculiarities of thinking, still more of writing, rendered him almost as harmless as errors and defects of quite another order had rendered Cobbett. The one had sunk himself below the respect—the other could never bring himself down to the intellect of the radicals. In spite, therefore, of these two great men; for they are both of them entitled, in some sort, to be so called—in spite of the admirable ingenuity of the one intellect, and the admirable pith of the other, you and your coadjutors still found nothing to prevent your continuing to play on the same old double game. You played on sprucely and airily, but at last your hour was come!

In this new Review, the party with which ye had been so long paltering has at last found an organ and a rallying point of intellect for themselves. Henceforth they tell you distinctly and scornfully they have no need of you. They have told you their old and rooted contempt at once. They have declared their resolution to stand by themselves, and for themselves. "No more *asides*; no more whispers; no more hints; no more insinuations; no more Whig-radicals; no more Jeffreys; no more Edinburgh Review; no more milk and water for us." Such is the language this party now speaks; and the thing is spoken in a tone which verily you, sir, and all your associates, may well tremble to hear.

This is a work, Mr. Jeffrey, of no common talent. Had the same talent come forth on any side, it must have done something; but coming forward in this shape, and on this side, it must indeed do much. You cannot have glanced the book over without being satisfied of this in a general, or perhaps I should say, in a vague way. But I propose to illuminate your ideas a little farther. You are shocked, puzzled, discomfited, downcast, perplexed, bamboozled—I am cool as a cucumber. You fear and tremble—I do neither the one nor the other. Do, therefore, permit me to lend you my spectacles, if it be but for a glimpse or two.

You have no longer to maintain yourself against the shufflings and twistings of the self-confuted and self-tortured Cobbett, or the page-and-a-half polysyllabics of "The Old Man of the Mountain," (as my nephew calls Jeremy;) you have to do with a clever, determined, resolute, thorough-going knot of radical writers—a set of men, educated, some of them at least, as well as the Edinburgh Reviewers,—and quite as well skilled as the best of them could ever pretend to be in the arts of communicating with the intellect of the world as it is—and (here lies their immense advantage,) these men have a single object in view, and have adopted boldly and decidedly a single set of measures for the attainment of this object. They have none of the demi-tints to study. They have only one string to their bow, but it is a strong one, and far better

than your double skeins of pack-thread. They have not to serve two masters. They have chosen their part and they stick to it.

This lifts them prodigiously above your elevation, Mr. Jeffrey. They write in a straight-forward, swinging style, which sorely discountenances your ingenious *double entendres*. They do not scrape with a chisel behind their backs, as you did, but they hold the axe above their shoulders, and they tell all the world, that they will drive it in thunders on the tree, *if they can*. Your set appear in a puny light beside these people. "Faint heart never won fair lady," is the tune the standers-by treat you with. You would and you would not—your *if* was your only peace maker, and there is no virtue in it—You were the Probert—the Westminster is the Thurtel, and we prefer him.

These people waited, too, just till proper time for their most effectual appearance. They waited until you had edged on, bit by bit, as near to their own view of things as (they well knew) you ever by possibility durst come. They waited until the Whigs had completely committed themselves—they waited until you, among others, had even toasted REFORM at a public meeting—nay, they waited until you had, at another public meeting, toasted the President of the United States, in a speech which all but said, that a republican government was, in your opinion, the best government.

They got you into this cloven stick only for the purpose of leaving you there. If these are your real sentiments, say they, why, then, have you and all your party been hoaxing us, in and out of parliament, for these twenty years? If these be your real sentiments, why did you always shrink from the rope, when we called for a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together? If you be Radicals, why have you called yourselves, why do you still call yourselves, Whigs?—Henceforth, such is their language, we shall put up with no more of these half measures. He that is not with us, to the backbone, henceforth shall be against us—or, at least, we shall be against him. I applaud their logic. It is in itself sound, good, sincere, and it ruins you. The Radicals will no longer stand behind you, and swell your ranks, or, at least, have the semblance of swelling them. Without this aid, you well know that you have for many years been weak as bulrushes. Your pitiful remnant must now be exposed in all its feebleness and nakedness. To us you cannot come—to them you may not go—you must stand, such as you are, alone, and so standing, YOU ARE RUINED.

There are but three ways you can try. First of all, you may say,—Well, there is no help for us—we must do something. We have gone too far to retreat—we must e'en make common cause—we must e'en go thoroughstitch—let us be Radicals! *Jacta est alea!* If the Edinburgh Reviewers choose this line of proceeding, or if the violent Whig Radical leaders in the House of Commons choose a similar line of proceeding, they, the Jeffreys, the Broughams, whoever they may be, are cut by the great aristocratical Whigs. For,—mark you well,—the Westminster Review has

spoken no half words—its words are not like yours, that they might be eaten again upon occasion. The lordly Whigs, the gentlemanly Whigs, the Lansdownes, the Hollands, all alike, must hate the language of this Westminster Review, or be fools, drivellers, mere idiots. They must, and they do hate it; and unless you swear that you hate it also, they turn their backs on you forever. Well—but you make up your minds and you join the Radicals, and you play the second fiddle to the Westminster. And what do *you* call this?

The second plan you may essay is that of drawing up your chin, as if your breast-pin were suddenly bewitched into some petrified essence of asafetida, and saying—through a sixpenny speaking trumpet, if convenient—We have been deceived—we have been rash—we have been blame-worthy—we spoke some civil things to these fellows, under the notion that the better sort of them would be flattered into Whiggery, in which case we need care nothing about their mere rabble. But behold! the vermin do really stick together. Ye gods! the Radical gentry despise us—Ye gods! they have set up a Review of their own—they are to criticise books and write dissertations and libels, all upon their own bottom! The impudent knaves! Behold, they even review the Edinburgh Reviewers! This unheard-of insolence is a little too much—Don't you think so, Lord Archy? don't you think so, Lord Rosslynn? don't you think so, indeed, dear Lord Holland?—Well, there is nothing for it but to make the best of a bad cause. Let us be done with this ragamuffin regiment for once and for ever! Here goes, once more, the glorious aristocratical old Whiggery of England! The Edinburgh Review forever!—

“Down with the whitybrown,
Up with the blue!”

If this plan be adopted—if, declaring war against the Radicals, the Whigs do, nevertheless, resolve to maintain themselves as a party against the Tories—they will, as a party, and you will, more especially as reviewers, labour under great, weighty, and hitherto unexperienced difficulties and embarrassments. Your line of prophecy, &c., touching the late war, has pretty well settled you as foreign politicians. You will now, at your very outset, have at least as magnificent an array of blunders, touching our internal affairs, to acknowledge. Having done so, you will come into Parliament, and make Whig speeches; and you will write Whig reviews also, with much gracefulness and imposing dignity of air. In a word, you will, as a party, or as a review, be altogether unworthy of the trouble of a single kick. Conceive of George Canning answering you in Parliament, or Timothy Tickler answering you out of Parliament, after these gulps!—Well, I have been told I am a singular old boy, and it may be so; but were I in your place, my braw man, I should call this also *ruin*.

The third and last, and only feasible plan, is for you to come

over at once to the ministry. Do not be utterly amazed by the notion of the magnitude of this change: you have done the like already. Henry Brougham concluded an article in the Edinburgh Review with these words, "*I, decus, I, nostrum*:" and these words were part of an address to Mr. Pitt; and this is the same Mr. Henry Brougham, who, on a late occasion, said he wished his tombstone to be inscribed, "Here lies the enemy of Pitt." You yourself do not require to be reminded about your own changes of tone, touching Madame de Stael, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.—Why, your late toasting of REFORM is of itself quite enough for my argument. And then consider the advantage of the thing. We are the only true Christians, we Tories; we are the only people that really love our enemies, and kiss those that spitefully entreat us. Compared with you, our own friends are hateful to us. We are never weary, as things stand now, of doing you all the good that it is possible for us to do to you. We are never weary of flattering and fawning upon you. We think no sacrifice too great for you. If there is any *honour* to be given by us, we are in a hurry, lest you should run the least risk of missing it. And whenever we can, we thrust some lucrative honour also upon some of this incomparable, invaluable, adorable, divine body of enemies. Now only think—if we do all this for you while you are against us—what would we not do for you if you were for us? Why, you are all mad if you do not jump at this. You, in particular, have you ever sufficiently considered what a nice-looking little fellow you would be in a silk gown and lace band—a smooth glossy pair of black silk stockings—shoes bright as the morning star, and buckles of a neat pattern? Or what do you think of purple damask, and gold frogs rustling up the steps that lead to the landing place that leads to the anti-chamber that leads to the presence chamber of Carlton-House? Or if you think quiet things more suitable to a literary character of the first class, what say you to a Commissaryship—a snug thing, and capital fun too?—or a seat in the Exchange Bench? Don't you think you would look well between a David Hume and a Sir Samuel Shepherd? The brightest bench Scotland has ever seen would then indeed be a galaxy?

Your eye laughs—you darling—you are won—you are ours—here, rush into my arms, that I may embrace thee ere I die! What! you draw back? you will not? you are resolved to have nothing to do with us? In the name of common prudence, in the name of Scotland, in the name of Aberdeen, relent! Can you see me thus stooping in the dust before you unmoved? Is thy heart a piece of Caucasus's hardest stratum? Was the tigress's milk that you were nursed upon, *sour milk*?

A sudden gleam of light strikes upon my old eye-balls. You are in the right yet, after all. We would give up pettling you altogether, if you were one of ourselves. Certainly it is most probable we should. You remain, therefore, where you are, from the most prudential, as well as the most patriotic of virtues. I cannot

offer any sufficient objection to the argument which I see dancing in your cunning eyes. For once you are right, Frank, and I was wrong.

And yet I have been speaking of the effects which will be produced upon you, your work, and your fellow-workers, by the general tone of principle avowed in this new book; but these are far from being the only effects you must look for. Not contented with destroying and nullifying the talent which you may still have it in your power to retain, by the exhibition of equal talent, exerted in a more straight-forward and uncompromising style, and for a more distinct, and intelligible, and broader set of purposes—not contented with this, the Westminster work is likely to rob you of a great many of your own best hands. Your friends, disciples, and coadjutors, are the very people with whom you are now to contend. Two of your own cleverest hands are visible in this first Number, and it is obvious that many more will leave you when they find that there is a review in which it is not necessary to preach radical doctrines under the disguise of whiggery. This you feel; and it is indeed so obvious, that I need not say more about it. If these gentry condescend to give you any further assistance, they will never do it in any other view than that of putting a little money into their pockets. They will write for you; but they will keep their best wits for the work where they can speak their heart right out. Your work will in this way degenerate woefully. It will sink into a sort of thing like the *New Misses' Magazine* of Colburn, Campbell, and Co.—a book where nobody says any thing at all, which might not just as well be said in any other book under heaven. Distinctive character—intellectual *vis*—the impress of individual earnestness, will be all of them found wanting. You will dwindle rapidly into a sofa-book—a book to lie beside the young ladies' guitar—a book to read one's self gently asleep over—a sweet, harmless, insignificant olio of puns, prosing, and prettinesses. This is your fate, so far as these old allies can influence it, and you see it.

So much for you—what will be the effect of this work upon the country at large? Most salutary—most beneficial—most blessed, is my unhesitating answer. Your work was a dangerous one, sir, simply because it was a dishonest one. This is an honest one, and I can see no peril that is like to flow out of it. You mixed up your poison in small doses, and administered it in gravy, porridge, plumcake. These lads set it forth in its native shape, and in a labelled vial, and those that taste it will know whom to thank for their treat.

This is a broad-bottomed Review with a vengeance. It reduces every thing at once to an intelligible standard. Universal suffrage is the unborn and inalienable right of man. England has at present neither laws that are worthy of the name, nor any representation *whatever*, nor any justice *whatever*, nor any government but what is directly, and in every the least and the greatest of its doings,

an usurpation, a tyranny, a plague, and a curse. All priesthood is priestcraft; all nobility, all gentry, is cruel, insulting, bloody quackery; the very name of monarchy is a thing to make a man sick, but to hear of. Tumble all this fabric down; blot out the whole of your history; and BEGIN to be a free, a happy, a rational nation! This is the burden, the chorus of the strain—this is the whole pith and essence of the Westminster Review.

These people do not take the trouble to argue us into a belief of our universal misery and degradation—they assume it as a primary and incontrovertible truth—something, to which nobody, but an idiot, can for one single moment hesitate about giving his full, hearty, and irrevocable assent. The House of Commons exists solely *by* and *for* two hundred families; all the rest of the twenty millions are slaves, and have nothing to do at present, but to clank their chains, and sweat for their lords' behoof.

The matter being put upon this decided foot, there can be no great difficulty in grappling with it surely. Every man that has had his eye about him in the world is of course perfectly qualified to judge, whether this broad statement be or be not true and just; and that is the only thing he has to do; because if he once makes up his mind that it is not, there is not one word in this book which is not as false as Euclid would be, if a triangle were the same thing with a circle—and if he makes up his mind that it is, why then the path of his duty lies very clear before him. If he believes this book to be founded in truth, and is not ready to enter heart and hand into the work of an English revolution, a total and radical revolution—a war of total demolition, exterminating fury, revenge, blood, fire and fury, TO-MORROW—there cannot *by possibility* be any reason for this shrinking, but a hempen one.

The ground which they take is no doubt high, and the attitude imposing. Perhaps, notwithstanding, a little more condescension to the babes and sucklings of the world might have been consistent with wisdom. Perhaps, for example, it might have been well to give a few specimens of actual injustice done to us Englishmen by our English judges and juries, before calling upon us to give the whole of the present system its *coup-de-grace* and boldly instal old Jeremy Bentham as our Solon. Perhaps it might have been not amiss to point out one law, the object of which is, evidently to please 200 families, and to injure *all the rest* of this nation. The residence of a clergyman in a parish is, they tell us, of necessity an evil; perhaps, in the present imperfect state of the human mind, it might have been adviseable to give, instead of only promising, a *demonstration* of this fact. I might, if it were worth while, run up a tolerably lengthy catalogue of trivial little objections of this cut—but I shall be contented with only one more proof of my *esprit borné*. It is this; I and the other simple ones would have liked to see it explained, why it is laid down as a thing not disputable, that England ought to be revolutionized immediately, *because* the immense majority of the nation want a revolution—while it is also

laid down as a self-evident truth, that the late Spanish Constitution ought to have been maintained, *because* it was hated by the immense majority of the Spaniards. But I confess, I am almost ashamed of myself.

If it be true, as these gentlemen benevolently informs us, that "NO POET CAN REASON"—in other words, that those faculties which are not absolutely necessary for enabling us to see that two and two make four, are an unhappy impertinence and clog upon us, and that Joseph Hume is a greater man than Milton, Shakspeare, and Plato put together:—if it be true, that he who invents a new spinning-jenny, is, of necessity, a wiser and a better man than he who makes a new *iliad*:—if it be true, that Mr. Carlile is a noble martyr, at this hour suffering in the cause of English INTELLECT:—if all these things be true, it certainly must be true also, that we ought to lay aside many things with which we at present absurdly and childishly amuse ourselves. York Minster should undoubtedly be made into a cotton-mill, *absque morâ*: Instead of taking advantage of the passions and aspirations of humanity, by an imposing and venerable array of ancient, dignified, and awful institutions, we should, no doubt at all of the thing, build a neat congress room, and see if nobody will do now, what Tom Paine used to be so generous as to say he would do, that is, discharge the whole duties of king and executive among us for a matter of £300 per annum. In other words, if whatever is now, or ever has been, in England—be wrong, whatever is written in the Westminster Review is right. The system wants only one thing to be complete, and, perhaps, it may soon acquire even that too,—I mean Turnipology.

I consider this book, then, as not only likely to be the ruin of Literary Whiggery, and the Edinburgh Review in particular, but as likely to operate as a *reductio ad absurdum* upon the whole doctrine and discipline of the Radicals themselves. The more talent the affair is conducted with the better, since they have fairly set out in this honest and open tone; and most heartily do I hope that the good men of the land will be too wise to throw any stumbling-block in the path of their most promising career. On let them go—and the faster the better, since they not only feel, but confess, that it is the devil who drives them.

The politics of this Book are, as yet, the only thing noticeable about it. In general, it is written well, with distinctness and vigour almost throughout, and occasionally with very considerable power and eloquence. The threshold is Cockney, but that stain is not visible through far the greater part of the affair. There is something pleasantly waggish in having a print of Westminster Hall and Westminster Abbey in the title page of such a book. I give them credit for that archness. The article on Vocal Music, Dr. Kitchener, &c. contains a great deal of excellent sense, and that on Moore's Fables for the Holy Alliance is quite equal to any piece of sarcasm that either you or Brougham ever manufactured in the days of your glory. As for the small print at the end, that

department has either been given up bodily to some inferior hand, or been done for the present with a shameful carelessness and slovenliness. I was pleased, however, on the whole, with the notice of "The Stranger's Grave," though, no doubt, the author of that work must have been taught long ere now, that talents such as his were not meant for such themes.

The character of this work, as a review of literature, properly so called, remains as yet to be made—perhaps it never will have any existence. Your work has long ceased to have any existence of that kind, that is worth speaking of. The Quarterly is almost in the same predicament, in so far as the literature of our age is concerned. Long ago you were a pretty hand at that sort of thing yourself.—Perhaps, now that you see your political career quite done up, you may take back to it again. I wish you would—I should hate to hear of your being a mere nonentity.

Meantime, be not overmuch cast down. I am five-and-twenty years your senior, and yet see how cheerily I carry things still. This is but a poor world after all, to fret one's self much about. My way is to take matters easy. Nothing like dividing our time properly. I devote two hours before breakfast to my oriental books. I eat two eggs every morning. I still have my cup of chocolate at two. I never ride less than eight miles, dine on more than one dish, drink less than a bottle, touch a potato, or read a newspaper by candle-light. I play a tune on my fiddle every night ere I go to my bed—five good Tories (sometimes fewer, never more,) dine with me every Saturday. We often remember you kindly, overlook all your foibles, and drink your health in a bumper. Your speech about America t'other day was really a clever thing; it does you credit. Don't be down in the mouth over much, my dear:—If any of these Radicals treat you uncivilly, come to me at once, and I will do for them. Yours always,

TIMOTHY TICKLER.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Rome.—Some labourers at work lately on a plantation in the *Vigna* of the College of Saint Bonaventura, near the baths of Cascalla, found an Amphora of Terra Cotta, which contained a considerable number of gold trinkets of exquisite workmanship, such as necklaces, bracelets, &c.

Norway.—M. Boye, a naturalist who chiefly studies ornithology, has published a narrative of a tour in Norway as far as Lofoden. At Seyerstad he could not induce a woman to accept any kind of payment for the dinner which he had just eaten. She led him to the window, and pointing to the surrounding country, said, "So long as the earth shall give us corn, and the sea fish, no traveller shall ever be able to say that we have taken money of him." In the isle of Tietæ, where he landed wet through, in the middle of the night, the servants of M. Brodorb, the proprietor of the island, conducted him, without inquiring his name, into a well furnished and well heated room, where he passed the night. The next morning he and his fellow travellers were invited to breakfast with the family. A few years ago, the proprietor of the isle of Porwig caused the rudder of a boat, which had brought some travellers to the island, to be secretly taken

away, in order to compel them to remain at his house till a new one could be made. The community of interests between the inhabitants, their retired situation, and the small number of travellers who visit them, afford an explanation of their manners, though without depriving them of their patriarchal and Homeric character.

Literary Novelties.—There is in the press *An Apology for Don Juan*; cantos 1 and 2. Foolscep 8vo.

—Fragili quærens illidere dentem,

Offendet solido.

Hor. Sat. I. lib. 2.

Mr. Roscoe has completed his translation of Sismondi.

Elements of Discourse and Criterion of True and False Reasoning, as Preparation for Private Inquiries and Ground-work for Public Speaking; for the use (principally) of Candidates for the Pulpit, the Bar, and the Senate. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

Aids to Reflection, in a Series of Prudential, Moral, and Spiritual Aphorisms, extracted from the Works of Archbishop Leighton, with Notes and interpolated Remarks. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

Scripture Topography: an Alphabetical Arrangement of all the Names of Places mentioned in the Old and New Testament; accompanied with Historical and Descriptive Information derived from Ancient Writers and Modern Travellers.

Memoirs of a Lady of Quality; containing Original Anecdotes of all the Courts of Europe, and of the most distinguished Individuals as connected with the History of the last Forty Years.

Letters to an Attorney's Clerk, containing Directions for his Studies and general Conduct. Designed and commenced by the late A. C. Buckland, author of Letters on Early Rising; and completed by W. H. Buckland.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mrs. Frances Sheridan, Mother of the late Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan, and Author of "Sidney Biddulph," "Nourjahad," and "The Discovery;" with Remarks upon a late Life of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan; Criticism and Selections from the Works of Mrs. Sheridan, and Biographical Anecdotes of her Family and Contemporaries. By her Grand-daughter, Alicia Lefanu.

The History of the Roman Empire, from the accession of Augustus to the death of the Younger Antoninus; by William Haygarth, Esq. A.M. is now in the press.

One Hundred Original Songs. By Allan Cunningham.

The Rev. T. Boys is about to publish *Sacred Tactics; an Attempt to Develop and to Exhibit to the Eye, by Tabular Arrangements, a General Rule of Composition prevailing in the Holy Scriptures.*

Conversations on the Evidences of Christianity, intended as an Introduction to the Systematical Study of the Principal Authors who have written on the Subject.

In the press, *Prose Pictures; a Series of Descriptive Letters and Essays.* By Edward Herbert, Esq. With Etchings, by George Cruikshank.

Christian Sentiments, selected from the Writings of Jeremy Taylor.

Mr. Chatfield is about to publish, *A Compendious View of the History of the Darker Ages.*

Mr. Blaquiere has in the press, *A History of the Origin and Progress of the Greek Revolution.*

A second volume of the *Lady of the Manor*, by Mrs. Sherwood.

Mr. Britton announces a *Grammar of Antiquities.*

A work is announced on the *Antiquity of the Doctrine of the Quakers respecting Inspiration*, with a *Brief Review of that Society*, and a *Comparison between the Life and Opinions of the Friends and those of Early Christians.*

Specimens of the Early French Poets, with Translations and Biographical and Critical Notices, are announced.

A *Third Course of Practical Sermons*, by the Rev. Harvey Marriott, Rector of Calverton, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Kenyon, is now in the press.

The Odes of Anacreon of Teos, as translated into English Verse by W. Richardson, Esq. are now in the press.

Count Pecchio has in the press A Diary of Political Events in Spain during the last year. This work, like his Letters on the Spanish and Portuguese Revolutions, is interspersed with Anecdotes of Public Men, and on the Manners and Customs of the Peninsula.

Mr. White, Bow-street Reporter to the Morning Herald, has in the press, a Selection of One Hundred of the most Humorous and Entertaining of the Reports which have appeared in the Morning Herald in the last three years. Illustrated by George Cruikshank.

A Present for a Sunday School, or a Plain Address on the Fear of the Lord, adapted for the capacities of little children. By a Minister of the Established Church.

The Economy of the Eyes. Precepts for the Improvement and Preservation of the Sight. Plain Rules which will enable all to judge exactly when, and what Spectacles are best calculated for their Eyes; and an Essay on Opera Glasses, &c. By William Kitchiner, M.D.

The Economy of the Eyes. Part II. Of the Illuminating and Magnifying Powers of Newtonian, Gregorian, and Cassegrainian Reflectors, and Achromatic Telescopes, from three inches to seven feet focus. By William Kitchiner, M.D.

Original Letters, chiefly illustrative of English History; including numerous Royal Letters. Published from Autographs in the British Museum, and one or two other Collections. By Henry Ellis, F.R.S. Sec. S.A., are in the press.

Miss Bengier is engaged on another Biographical Work, of which Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, forms the subject.

Observations on the Religious Peculiarities of the Society of Friends. By Joseph John Gurney.

A Philosophical Treatise on Malting and Brewing. By George Adolphus Wigney.

The Life of Thomas, Lord Erskine, with Observations on the Character of his Eloquence at the Bar and in Parliament, and Critical Notices of his Speeches and Writings, interspersed with private Anecdotes. By Henry Cooper, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq. Barrister at Law. 2 vols. 8vo.

No. I. of the Cambridge Quarterly Review and Academical Register.

The Inheritance. By the Author of "Marriage." 3 vols. post 8vo.

A Sketch of the System of Education at New Lanark, by Robert Dale Owen, is in the press, and will appear in a few days.

On a Phenomenon of Shadows, by M. Mongez.—When the sun is free from clouds, the shadow of bodies is surrounded by a penumbra, very sensible, though much more obscure than the shadow; when two bodies, each producing a shadow, are made to approach each other, at the moment preceding the contact the shadows advance towards each other, and change their form at the point of contact; the shadow of a right line thus becomes a curve, and that of a globe like the summit of a paraboloid. M. Arago attributes the effect to the superposition of the penumbras accompanying the bodies: thus if the intensity of the penumbras was only half that of the shadow, it would be doubled at the instant when the two were superposed, and thus produce an obscure part of equal depth with the shadow, which being added to it, would alter its form in that place.—*Bib. Univ.* xxiii. 323.

Two mummies, lately brought from Egypt by M. Cailliaud, were lately opened at Paris. One of these had been remarked for its size and extraordinary weight. The head bore a crown, formed of plates and buttons of copper gilt, imitating the leaves and young fruit of the olive. Attention was also much attracted by the case, on which were painted figures resembling those on the zodiac of Denderah. A Greek inscription was also observed upon it, nearly defaced. The name of Pentemenon was found also on a bit of papyrus, which seemed to have been placed between the folds of the dress. Much curiosity having been excited respecting it, M. Cailliaud consented to open it. There were present a great num-

ber of distinguished persons. The mummy was first weighed in its envelopments, and found to be 106 killo. The length was 1 m. 90 c.; the size of the head 42 c., and its circumference 1 m. 33 c.; the breadth of the shoulders was 47 c. &c. &c. After this an outer bandage was taken off, which confined to the body a cloth covered with paintings and hieroglyphics little observed in Egypt. Under this were other wrappings, solid, and forming the first envelop, which were easily removed. The second envelop was fastened round the neck with a knot, which the sailors call a flat knot (*nœud plat*). Beneath were a few finer bandages, like napkins or large pieces of cloth. In the next envelop, larger, thicker, and older bandages were found; also four Egyptian tunics, without sleeves and unsewn, to apply them close to the body. This was fixed by black bitumen round the head and feet. The next envelop consisted of bandages placed lengthways, from the feet to the head, with transversal bands; four large pieces then wrapped the body, of the finest linen. The sixth envelop was formed of transversal bands, of a yellow colour, from the bitumen in which they had been soaked. After this were fifteen pieces of a similar colour. The seventh and last envelop was saturated with black bitumen, and formed six different pieces, stuck together with balsam. After which came a slender covering, and then the body. The toes were wrapped separately; the arms and hands were extended on the thighs. The subject was of the masculine sex, and appeared about forty-five or fifty years of age at most. The length was 5 feet 3 inches 9 lines French measure (about 5 feet 9 inches English). The breast and part of the abdomen were gilt. The belly was filled with a black balsam. No MS. was found; but large masses of black balsam were discovered on the legs. The unrolling the body took three hours, and 2800 square feet of cloth were taken off. M. Caillaud found several parts of the arms were also gilt. The hands long, and very well preserved; the fingers well made and plump; the ears entire; and the nose, although injured by the extraction of the brain, little deformed. The face was less inclined than in ordinary mummies. The hair was perfectly preserved, fine, and a little curled. On the left side was an opening, about five inches in diameter, by which the balsam was introduced into the body. Under the cloth which covered the face below each eye, on the ball of the cheek, a gold plate was found, with the representation of an eye with the lids. On the mouth was another plate, with a representation of a tongue placed perpendicularly to the closing of the lips, which were fast shut. The conjectures respecting their usages are of course vague and unsatisfactory.

Eggs and Potatoes.—The Scotch method of preserving eggs, by dipping them in boiling water, which destroys the living principle, is too well known to need farther notice. The preservation of potatoes, by similar treatment, is also a valuable and useful discovery. Large quantities may be cured at once, by putting them into a basket as large as the vessel containing the boiling water will admit, and then just dipping them a minute or two at the utmost. The germ, which is so near to the skin, is thus "killed," without injuring the potato. In this way several tons might be cured in a few hours. They should then be dried in a warm oven, and laid up in sacks or casks, secure from the frost, in a dry place. Another method of preserving this valuable root is, first to peel them, then to grate them down to a pulp, which is put into coarse cloths, and the water squeezed out by putting them into a common press, by which means they are formed into flat cakes.

The Miscellaneous Writings of the celebrated John Evelyn, the appearance of whose Memoirs lately excited so much interest, are preparing for publication, in one volume 4to. printed uniformly with that work. The Editorship has been undertaken by Mr. Upcott, of the London Institution.

A Translation of the "Memoirs of the celebrated Goëthe," the Voltaire of Germany, written by himself, will appear in a few days, in 2 vols. 8vo.

A Translation is expected immediately of the "Travels in Brazil, in the Years 1817, 18, 19, and 20, undertaken at the command of his Majesty the King of Bavaria. By Dr. John Von Spix; and Dr. C. Von Martius, Members of the Royal Bavarian Academy of Sciences."

Dr. Southey (the Laureate) is about to publish "A Tale of Paraguay," in a 12mo. volume.

Mrs. Hoffland has another Tale in the press, entitled "Decision."